



LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

Class

953

133292

2

**AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL
AND OTHER POEMS**

FROM GRETNA GREEN
TO LAND'S END

A READING JOURNEY THROUGH ENGLAND

By KATHARINE LEE BATES

Illustrated Net, \$2.00

ROMANTIC LEGENDS
OF SPAIN

By GUSTAVO A. BECQUER

TRANSLATED BY CORNELIA FRANCES BATES
AND KATHARINE LEE BATES

Illustrated Net, \$1.50

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO.
NEW YORK

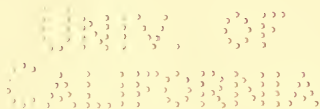
AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

KATHARINE LEE BATES

AUTHOR OF "FROM GRETNA GREEN TO LAND'S END,"



NEW YORK

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY

PUBLISHERS



COPYRIGHT, 1911,
BY THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY.
Published September, 1911.

∞

TO

MARION PELTON GUILD

∞

225933

Thanks for permission to include in this volume poems already printed are rendered to the following periodicals:

The Atlantic, Canadian Magazine, The Century, The Chautauquan, Christian Endeavor World, The Congregationalist, The Cosmopolitan, The Critic, Everybody's Magazine, Good Housekeeping, The Independent, Lippincott's Magazine, New England Magazine, The Outlook, National Magazine, The Youth's Companion.

The courtesy of the Chicago Madrigal Club is recognized, too, and that of the Macmillan Publishing Company.

CONTENTS

I

	PAGE
AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL	3
Year of the Vision	4
Land of Hope	5
The Flag	8
The Peace-Maker	8
The Sea-Path	9
The First Voyage of John Cabot	14
Hudson's Third Voyage	14
Niagara	17
The Song of Niagara	17
The American Coast	19
Memorial Day	20
Above the Battle	25
America to England	26
England to America	27
Glory	28
Pigeon Post	28
The Pity of It	29
Blood-Road	31
The Great Twin Brethren	32
To My Country	33

II

HOME	37
The Falmouth Bell	39
The Falmouth Church	41
Indian Bearers	43
The Slave's Escape	52
The "Somerset"	54
Epitome	56

III

THE IDEAL	59
Cape of Good Hope	61
Carpe Diem	62

	PAGE
Dream and Deed	63
Opportunity	63
Beyond the Pillars of the Rainbow	64
The Poet	65
Success	66
The Tree of Song	66
Poetry	66
Sunrise in the Library	67
At the Laying of the Corner-Stone	67
Musarum Sacerdos	69
Dan Chaucer	69
Matthew Arnold	70
Ibsen	71
To Shelley	72
Longfellow: In Memoriam	73
The Passing of Christina Rossetti	75
Swinburne	76
In the Poets' Corner	77
On the Gold Coasts	77
April 23rd, 1564	79
The Guest	80
Poeta Poetarum	81

IV

WHAT IS THE SPIRIT?	85
Logic	86
To Truth	87
The Gifts of Life	88
Avalon	88
The Remonstrance	90
"Come Unto Me"	92
On Christmas Eve	93
The Star of Bethlehem	93
The Kings of the East	95
The New Jerusalem	96
Nocturne	96
Sleep	97
The Prayer	100
The Empty Room	102
Overheard	103
"A Good Heart Breaks Bad Luck"	104
Quoth Marcus Aurelius	104
Godward	105
Thanksgiving	105

	PAGE
Another Year	106
Felices	107
Non Nobis Solum	107
Cheer by the Way	109
Thou Knowest	109
Strewing the Golden Grain	110
Sunday in the Conservatory	110
The Trinity	112
The Optimist	113
Our Lady's Tumbler	113

V

THE PRAISE OF NATURE	119
A January Twilight	122
To a Crow	122
A Shakespeare Masquerade	123
Illumined	124
Midwinter	125
A Song of Waking	125
The Spring of Life	127
May	127
Gypsy-Heart	128
Under the Ferns	129
Summer Dawn	131
Hills and Sea	131
Out of Sight of Land	132
Into the Night	134
The Harper	134
" When God Dawns, He Dawns on All "	135
The Sweet o' the Year	135
The Golden Wedding	136
Hurt	139
Autumn	140
Flight	140
Sunken Leaves	141
Winter	142
To the Old Year	143
The New Year	143
The Changing Road	145

VI

LOVE PLANTED A ROSE	149
Heart of Hearts	149
" She is the Grace of All that Are "	150

	PAGE
Valentine	151
When It Befortunes Us	151
Measures	152
Saint Valentine's Dilemma	153
Insecurity	154
So It Pierce the Crust	155
Were Love but True	155
Disillusion	156
The Victory	156
The Worth of Life	157
The Fellowship	157
The Etiquette of the Palace	158
Pot-Pourri	159
A Private	160
The Quality of Mercy	161
The Proving of the Knight	161
The Passer-by	162
Faces	163
Baby	164
The Secret	165
Sleeping Bessie	166
Little Katharine	168
Watching the Wedding	169
A Mountain Soul	173
Rest	174
Spirits of Flame	175

VII

AZRAEL	179
The Gates of Death	180
Immortality	181
"The Rest is Silence"	182
The Passing Soul	184
Under the Snows	184
Glisten the Marbles Tall	185
Cremation	185
The Far Journey	186
Saint Martha	187
If We Could Tell	189
Laddie	190
"Short Day and Long Remembrance"	191
Heart's Desire	193
"Whom the Gods Love Die Young"	194
Clara	195

	PAGE
Watch and Ward	196
Only a Year	197
The Testimony	197
Sunset Song	198
Yesterday's Grief	199
The Funeral of Phillips Brooks	199
Loyal to the Truth	202
A Sunset Parable	202
The White Pinnacle	203
The Sacrifice	204
Our Lady of Pity	205
Threnody	207

VIII

THE WANDER-YEAR	213
First View of Mont Blanc	224
The Glacier of Bossons	225
The Jungfrau	225
The Castle of Blonay	226
To the Nile	227
Abu Simbel	230
Sunrise on the Nile	232
Murillo's "Holy Family of the Little Bird"	233
Palm Sunday in Galilee	234
Poppies	235
June in England	236
Furness Abbey	236
Vignettes from Lincolnshire	237
On the Malvern Hills	239
The Church of St. Saviour	240
At Tintern	241
At Wells	242
Sailing-Day at Clovelly	243
In Cornwall	246
Sea-Birds	248

IX

TRANSLATIONS FROM SPANISH FOLK-SONG	251
Coplas	251
Christmas Carols	276
Playing with Baby	283
Children's Songs	284

	PAGE
Worldly Wisdom	292
Long Live Love	293
The Daughters of Ceferino	294
Washing the Handkerchief	295
Mambrú	295
The Leaning Tower of Saragossa	296
Flowers are for the Earth	297
A Dismal Little Nun	297
Santa Catalina	299
Harvest Song	299
Bonaparte Went Up to Heaven	300
Viva Cadiz	300
Queen Isabel	300
Marshal Prim	302
Queen Mercedes	302
We're Chosen for Alfonsito	303
On a Morning of St. John	304
The Passing of the Wafer	305

I

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

O BEAUTIFUL for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

YEAR OF THE VISION

(1893)

IS there no ivy greener than the rest,
No amaranth from shadowy isles Elysian,
That we may lay upon thy snow-heaped breast,
Year of the Vision?

For thou hast touched this people to a grace
That half rebukes the solitary ditty.
All men were poets for one brief, bright space
In the White City.

Beyond the circle of her glistening domes
A bitter wind swept by to waste and wither.
A cry went up from hunger-smitten homes,
But came not hither.

So fair she stood, imparadised within
Her own delight, as film of elfin labor,

A moonshine fabric, far from stain and din
Of her dark neighbor.

And yet Chicago, from her troubled gloom,
Young daughter of the young, undaunted nation,
Breathed in this evanescent lily-bloom
Heart-aspiration.

For through all stress of the material strife,
The greed, the clash, the coarse, unlovely fashion,
America bears on to sweeter life
And purer passion.

Oh, sting our souls with this diviner need
And, ere thou fadest, take our high decision
To make thy radiant dream immortal deed,
Year of the Vision.

LAND OF HOPE

I

MANY the lands that the true-hearted honor,
Many the banners that blow on the sea;
Ah, but one only — God's blessing upon her! —
Must be forever the fairest to me;
Dear for her mountains, rock-based, cloudy-crested,
Hooded with snow in the ardors of June,
Haunts where the bald-headed eagle has nested,
Staring full hard on his neighbor, the moon;
Dear for her vineyards and jessamine gardens,
Forests of fir where the winter wakes;

Dear for her oceans, her twin grey wardens ;
 Dear for her girdle of amethyst lakes ;
 Dear for the song of the wind when it crosses
 Sunshiny prairies a-ripple with wheat ;
 Nay, I could kiss but the least of her mosses,
 Sweet as the touch of a mother is sweet.

II

Silver and gold that the aeons had hidden
 For the pleasure of man ere his likeness arose ;
 Coal in whose blackness the flame lay forbidden ;
 Let not her treasure be counted by those.
 Richer she deemeth her heirdom of labor,
 Her heraldry blazoned in chisel and saw,
 Tradition of councils where neighbor with neighbor
 Forgathered to fashion the settlement law.
 Peace to the homespun, the heroes who wore it.
 Whose patriot passion in stormy career
 Swept back the redcoats seaward before it,
 Like wind-driven leaves in the wane of the year.
 Peace be to all who have suffered or striven,
 Fought for her, thought for her, wrought for her till
 She hath grown great with the life they have given,
 She must be noble their faith to fulfill.

III

Tell me not now of the blots that bestain her
 Beautiful vestments, that sully the white.
 Though to-day hath the wrong been gainer,
 To-morrow's victory crowns the right.

Still through error and shame and censure
 She urges onward with straining breast,
 For her face is set to the great adventure,
 Her feet are vowed to the utmost quest.
 Bright is the star, though the mists may dim her ;
 Mists are fleeting, but stars endure ;
 Yet, ah, yet shall the golden glimmer
 Wax to a splendor superb and pure.
 To her shall our prayer be as pulsing pinions ;
 A wingèd sphere she shall soar above
 Greed of gain and of forced dominions
 To the upper heaven whose law is love.

IV

Land of Hope, be it thine to fashion
 In joy and beauty the toiler's day ;
 Wear on thine heart the white rose of compassion ;
 Show the world a more gracious way.
 Still by the need of that seed of the nation,
 Cavaliers leaping with laughter to land,
 Puritans kneeling, in stern consecration,
 Parent by child, on their desolate strand,
 —Still by the stress of those seekers storm-driven,
 Glad in strange waters their vessels to moor,
 Open thy gates, O thou favored of Heaven,
 Open thy gates to the homeless and poor.
 So shalt thou garner the gifts of the ages,
 From the Norlands their vigor, the Southlands their
 grace,
 In a mystical blending of souls that presages
 The birth of earth's rarest, undreamable race.

THE FLAG

IT is not fair to see, our starry banner?
 You, as an artist, who have pledged allegiance
 Only to Beauty, find it crude in color,
 Stiff in design, void of romantic symbol,
 Unvenerable? England's golden lions,
 Japan's chrysanthemum, imperial flower
 Blooming in red as on a field of battle,
 The holy cross of Switzerland, out-value
 To all impartial, pure, aesthetic judgment
 The flag our patriot folly terms Old Glory?

I cannot tell. Perchance I never saw it.
 When on the seas or in some foreign city,
 Nay, here at home above a country school-house,
 I find it floating on the wind, it beckons
 My heart into my eyes. It is not bunting,
 Mere red and white and blue,— that starry cluster,
 Those gleaming folds; it is the faith of childhood,
 The unison of strong, rejoicing millions,
 The splendor of a vision men have died for,
 The passion of a people vowed to freedom.

“LET ME BE BLESSED FOR THE PEACE
 I MAKE”

“**L**ET me be blessèd for the peace I make.”
 God grant that old Shakespearean praise may
 glow,
 Columbia, on thy brows most royal so,
 Girt with a crown no mortal chances break.

The eagle that from ruined Rome we take
 Hath but a pagan heart. His kingdoms go,
 That the dove's kingdom still may come, and flow
 O'er all the world. Ere the New Century wake,
 Make straight her paths, her sweet Triumphal Way,
 For not by might and power earth's sorrows cease;
 Nor shall the stars in our young banner dim
 While in its stripes is set the sign of Him
 Who won by sufferance an eternal sway,
 The King of Glory and the Prince of Peace.

THE SEA-PATH

IN the hall of Swarin the Sea King the thanes were
 heavy of mood,
 Though red on the carven benches shone the light from
 the pine-tree wood
 Ablaze on the hearth, and golden it flashed on the
 many-folden,
 The fair-dyed, woven hangings where the bed of Swarin
 stood.

Night-long had the leeches pondered the lore of the
 woodland green,
 Runes scored on the bark of birch trees whose quiver-
 ing branches lean
 To the east, and wan for sorrow they waited the weird
 of the morrow,
 For sore their hearts misdoubted what the brooding
 Norns might mean.

For the strength was shorn from Swarin. As a storm-
uprooted oak
Lay the Lord of the Ice-Hills mighty in the play of
sworded folk,
But the white hair, oft uplifted by the whistling sea-
wind, drifted
Like foam on the blue-stained bed-gear, and the women's
sobs out-broke.

Sudden the gray lips parted with a glad, far-echoing
cry:
"Long is the road to God-home, but behold! my feet
draw nigh.
Wide on the wold is the faring, but the hours of night
are wearing,
And my day of days is dawning in yonder pallid sky.

"Make room, O heroes of Odin! room at the mead-
crowned board!
Yet shamed am I that I fall not by bite of the singing
sword
Amidst the eager rattle of spears, the thorns of battle.
Shall Swarin die as a coward? My hearth-friends, lift
your lord."

Then the wail waxed great and grievous, and the glee-
men rent atwain
Their shining harpstrings witless to mend the people's
pain,

For love's eyes, nothing blinded, wist well that the king
 was minded
 To go home that day to Odin and his heart of death
 was fain.

But the Dauntless of Spirit raised him and called for
 his war-array,
 And in crested helm they dight him and steel shirt
 gleaming gray.
 On his gold-rimmed shield they bore him, his banner of
 fame before him,
 And the horns blew up as for battle, while they took the
 seaward way.

Then the pale world glowed with sundawn, and over the
 blue sea-floor
 Fell a ruddy shaft like a pathway to Odin's open door.
 With gold was the king's helm smitten, and the dragon-
 keel was litten
 And the blazoned sails, and the sea-runes cut deep in
 the flashing oar.

On the deck they laid King Swarin, with treasure for
 Odin's need,
 Fur cloaks, and hammered war-gear and many a silken
 weed,
 With gold of the world's desire, and they hid the seed
 of fire
 In the heart of the foam-necked sea-bird, while the war-
 host wept for the deed.

But in seemly guise his kinsfolk heaped store of price-
 less things,
 Glittering stones from the earth-caves, and battle-spoil
 of rings,
 On the mail-girt breast of the Fearless, and smiled to
 his smiling, tearless,
 And wished him weal in his faring, for their hearts were
 the hearts of kings.

Last knelt his daughter beside him and kissed him soft
 and sweet,
 And lifted her child to nestle once more where the great
 heart beat;
 Till the sunny ringlets blended with the hoary beard,—
 then wended
 Shoreward her way full queenly, guiding the young-
 ling's feet.

And the dragon leapt from the tether, the golden beak
 sprang free,
 And blithely the ship ran over the blue hills of the sea,
 Whilst a long cry followed after, but the white waves
 foamed with laughter,
 And the salt wind sang in the cordage the song of
 Æger's glee.

And the keen gray eyes of Swarin, whilst the clouds
 sped by above,
 Waxed dreamy as maiden's musing on her blossoming
 days of love,

For afar from his gaze had drifted all sights save the
east sky rifted
By the ruby gates of God-home, and his heart had
peace thereof.

But the fire-seed yearned for harvest, for the praise of
those who reap,
And the stealthy flames, a-whisper, crept up the bul-
wark steep,
Whilst wide o'er the Sea Queen's acre rang the shout
of the Battle-breaker,
As the reddened sword of Swarin in the bitter wound
stood deep.

Clear rose the hero's death song: "Thus my count of
slain I fill.
Welcome me home, All-Father! On earth have I
wrought thy will.
Now are the bright doors parted, and over the gulf,
leal-hearted,
I clasp for thy cloudy garment and follow thy foot-
steps still."

The wild-fire wrapt the sea-bird from topmast unto
wave,
But loud laughed out King Swarin on the latest breath
he gave,
For flashed in the flame-rent spaces gold shields and
glimmering faces
Of Odin's Victory-Wafters, the Choosers of the Brave.

THE FIRST VOYAGE OF JOHN CABOT

“**H**E chases shadows,” sneered the Bristol tars.
 “As well fling nets to catch the golden stars
 As climb the surges of earth’s utmost sea.”
 But for the Venice pilot, meagre, wan,
 His swarthy sons beside him, life began
 With that slipt cable, when his dream rode free.

And Henry, on his battle-wrested throne,
 The Councils done, would speak in musing tone
 Of Cabot, not the cargo he might bring.
 “Man’s heart, though morsel scant for hungry crow,
 Is greater than a world can fill, and so
 Fair fall the shadow-seekers!” quoth the king.

HUDSON’S THIRD VOYAGE

I

FROM Holland north he sailed away
 (*Lure and loss of the Orient*)
 To cross the Pole to far Cathay
 Where the hopes of the merchants went.

Through fog and sleet and gusting weather
 The Half-Moon sought the Pole;
 But not for her were the lands of myrrh,
 For the gods had set her goal.

The crystal gate to the isles of spice
 It was not for her to find.
 The white bergs kept their Paradise
 And cast her down the wind.

II

Over the waste of green and gray
(North Star and the Scorpion's Heart)
 The little Half-Moon she groped her way,
 Cleaving the surge apart.

No more was she than a seagull's feather
 To that awful, billowy vast.
 The rending gales made sport of her sails,
 But her master's will held fast.

She scudded before the westering wind,
 And league on league she won,
 Till the wrath of the deep was left behind,
 And the land stood fair in sun.

III

Here they touched and there they lay:
(Goodly grapes and wild-rose trees)
 They stretched their hands out over the spray
 To take the fragrances.

But the little Half-Moon she tugged at her tether;
 She had not found her own;
 Like a restless ghost she roamed the coast
 Till the rose was over-blown.

And the grapes were purple upon the vine
 When at last her course she took -
 — For the gods had given their secret sign —
 Past the point of Sandy Hook.

IV

Manna-hatta all sweet with woods
(Yellow boughs on the autumn air)
 Longed in her startled solitudes
 For the burden her heart must bear.

But ever the master wondered whether
 His path to the isles would flow
 From the mighty stream that mocked his dream
 Three hundred years ago.

Here were his Indies, here his fame,
 Where the hidden river rolled,
 Where the echoing cliffs caught up his name,
 And the mountains gleamed with gold.

V

When the Hudson glistens, a moonlight strip,
(Only the gods decree the crown)
 There sails up stream a little old ship
 As still as thistledown.

Dutchmen and Englishmen lean together
 Out from her long-nosed prow;
 Antique is the group on her queer high poop;
 Clouded her master's brow.

His passion breaks his postured trance,
 A great sigh heaves his breast,
 Still chafing at the tarriance
 On his enchanted quest.

NIAGARA

PASSION of plunging waters, blanched to spray,
 But shot with sheen of chrysolite and beryl;
 Columnar mist and glistening rainbow play;
 A splendid thrill of glory and of peril.

THE SONG OF NIAGARA

AN alien song. Though day by day I listen,
 No syllable of that majestic chant
 May my adoring passion comprehend.
 With many a lucent, evanescent hue
 The plunging torrents glisten.
 Far-seen, colossal plumes of spray ascend,
 Their dazzling white shot through and through
 With quivering rainbows, until every plant,
 Each hoar, blue-berried cedar loved of bird,
 Each fine fern tracery, the cold mists christen
 To spirit grace. The frosted branches bend
 With sparkle of such jewels as transcend
 All fantasy of elfin-craft. Yet who
 Interpreteth the great enchantment's word?

Ye are the primal Sibyls, Sisters twain ;
 Far elder than the whispering Cumæan,
 Or Delphi's burning prophetess, ye hold
 Your splendid thrones unvisited of Time,
 — One robed in rushing waters whose rich gold,
 Imperial fold on fold,
 Was wrought from sunsets of an earlier æon,
 Of an intenser clime,
 Yet tinged by April willows and the rain
 Of forest leaves autumnal, powdery drift
 The eddies bring as tribute gift
 Of Huron and Superior ; and One,
 More graciously sublime,
 Mantled in raiment spun
 From foliage of some strange, supernal spring,
 Such pure ethereal green
 That Heaven stoops down, her holy azure fain
 To blend with it and revel in the sun ;
 And oftentimes each iris-scarfèd Queen,
 As angel-wing reflecteth angel-wing,
 Puts on her sister's sheen.

Mysterious ! if eyes can hardly bear
 The glory of your opalescent robes,
 Your diamond aureoles and veils empearled,
 May the stunned ear divine
 Your awful oracle ? August, yet wild,
 Do your tremendous pæans still prolong
 Creation's old, unhumanized delight,
 The laughter of the Titans ? Were ye there
 With your deep diapason answering
 The archangelic, chanting, golden globes,

What time they chorused forth their crystalline,
 Exultant welcome to the stranger world?
 Or is it, tolling Cataracts, the doom,
 The unrevealable, forbidden thing,
 Your antiphonic, solemn voices boom?
 Or peradventure do your peals proclaim
 Some all-triumphal Name
 That could it once be won by mortal ear
 Would ecstasy the griefs we suffer here
 And charter Love to wing
 Her radiant flight beyond oblivion?
 Dread Sisters, ye who smite
 The senses with intolerable roar,
 Is there no meaning in your ceaseless song,
 No word of God in all your mighty throng
 Of multitudinous thunders evermore?

THE AMERICAN COAST

OUR eager vessel flings a foam
 That dazzles with the setting sun.
 A thousand voices talk of home;
 Our voyage is almost done.
 Not for the gracious green of English meadows,
 Not for the fragrances of hawthorn lanes,
 Not for the fall of soft, remembering shadows
 On desolated fanes,
 O our own land,
 Freedom's throneland,
 Line of lilac on the sea,
 Would we give our hearts from thee.

The west is gold as daffodils,
 With sudden rifts that seem to ope
 On emerald forests, opal hills
 And lawns of heliotrope.

Not for a Riviera full of roses,
 Not for an Andalusia full of sun,
 Not for a dreaming Orient that reposes
 Where hushed waters run,
O our own land,
Freedom's throneland,
Line of lilac on the sea,
Would we give our hearts from thee.

MEMORIAL DAY

THE holy day of heroes — let us greet it
 With rain of blooms on every soldier's grave,
 With hearts that utter, ere our lips repeat it,
 The sacred cry of Glory to the Brave!
 Our spirits yearn with pride and pain
 Toward the unforgotten slain
 Of Gettysburg, Chancellorsville,
 Chattanooga, Malvern Hill,
 Dallas, Shiloh — what you will,
 For names spring fast
 From the burning Past,
 Almost the Present still.
 Tears still are salt for those who fell,
 Precious wreckage of shot and shell,
 Bruised and shattered and overthrown,

Riders cleft by the saber-stroke,
 Stormers torn in the cannon-smoke,
 The dying whose gaze could scarce descry
 Floating flag from drifting sky,—
 Trampled and rent and riven,
 Their orison a groan,
 Giving their life as the Christ's was given,
 For a mercy not their own.
 O shining spirits who thronging went
 Up from that awful sacrament,
 By one keen agony shriven,
 Up from the South where the slave had wept,
 Up from the land where the truth had slept,—
 O shining spirits, be well content!
 Did not your blood atone?

II

And ah! those specters of men
 Called to endure
 In sickly swamp, in prison pen,
 A martyrdom obscure;
 When will our pang for these be healed,
 Or passionate pity cease for those
 Who, stretched long hours on the encrimsoned field,
 Prayed God for one more bullet from their foes?
 Many ambrosial Mays
 With weft of bud and tender leaf,
 Impearled with gleaming rains,
 Have hid those battle stains,
 But have not quenched the grief,
 And have not dimmed the praise.

E'en now, on these delicious days,
 Comes there no sob of loss,
 No bugle call across
 The dulcet lilt of birds in creamy sprays?

III

The count of dead is not complete
 With those whose splendid winding-sheet
 Was ruddy fire and vital flow
 Of patriot blood — red roses strow —
 Nor yet with those who bore
 A lingering tragedy, for whom we heap
 Poppies of balmy sleep.
 The fatal list has more.
 Above this flush of flowers already shed
 Pallor of lilies spread,
 Sad-suited mignonette,
 Pitiful violet,
 With honeysuckle from some cottage door,
 And that remembrancer of grief and pride,
 The dusky-purple pansy lit with gold;
 For underneath this turfed and bannered mold,
 A woman's heart lies cold,
 A heart whose leaping pulse no Mays restore.
 In count of battle-slain
 Let not our land ignore
 The wifely bliss, the bridal hope of maid,
 But know these, too, were unafraid
 And glory-fain.

Not to the men alone this rite belongs
Of strewments and of songs.
There is no sex in courage and in pain.

IV

The beautiful of months, the winsome May,
Our yearly miracle no atheisms wither,
Is soon away.
Her dainty wings of orient feather
Already take the air.
Ah, whither, whither?
In what star-chamber wouldst thou cloister thee,
What astral nunnery austere white,
To awe the rapture in thy rosy blood,
To saint thy wild, capricious maidenhood?
O novice rare,
Unruly acolyte,
Startling the skies with bursts of lyric glee,
With scent and color of the vernal wood,
With such ecstatic thrill of sweet New England weather
The moonbeams dance together,
And angels on the heavenly hills
Fall harping unaware
A music like the run of rills
And bird-songs debonair!

V

Let Heaven not trust thy tales too well,
O exquisite historian!
Not always may our planet dwell
Within thy smile aurorean.

Even now the change is hinted.
 This richer-voicèd tune
 Of birds more gayly tinted,
 This turf with gold imprinted,
 Are omens of the June.
 And yet, as symbol true,
 We break to softly strew
 Above our youth who in their valor fell,
 Thine orchard blooms of evanescent hue,
 Of such ethereal pink
 As Ariel might sink
 His folded plumage in for fairy cell.
 These arborous delicates
 Our sorrow consecrates
 To those fair manhoods broken in their spring,
 Whose fruitage is a fragrance blown abroad
 To seed the happy sod
 With peace and freedom for an harvesting.
 Their labor-tide, that looked so brief,
 Bound immortality in sheaf;
 The life transcends the clod;
 Nor may an earthly song aspire to tell
 How blithe they tread the blessèd asphodel
 Who garnered for the granaries of God.

VI

Such comforts soothe the grief that saddens yet
 Within the paeon of the Northern pine;
 But where shall pity seek an anodyne
 For sorrows that the South may not forget?

From shattered cup and wasted wine
 A perfume fills the air,
 A scent that makes defeat divine,
 And victory a prayer.
 There bides beyond the mist a hoar magician
 Of patient eyes and art most sweet and strange.
 We bring to him our folly, our contrition,
 In his alembic dim to undergo their change.
 The secret of his alchemy who knows,
 Or whence the jewel potent to refine?
 His charm works even as the lily blows,
 And faith may neither further nor oppose.
 O necromancer old,
 Thou givest joy for sighing,
 New life for noble dying.
 Naught human is so vain
 But holds some goodly grain
 For purifying.
 So take them, gentle Time, our manifold
 Losses and loves and drops of bitter brine;
 Transmute our dross to gold.

ABOVE THE BATTLE

HONOR and pity for the smitten field,
 The valorous ranks mown down like precious corn,
 Whose want must famish love morn after morn,
 Till Death, the good physician, shall have healed
 The craving and the tears spent eyelids sealed.
 Proud be the homes that for each cannon-torn,
 Encrimsoned rampart have been left forlorn;
 Holy the knells o'er fallen patriots pealed.

But they, above the battle, throng a space
 Of starry silences and silver rest.
 Commingled ghosts, they press like brothers through
 White, dove-winged portals, where one Father's face
 Atones their passion, as the ethereal blue
 Serenes the fiery glows of east and west.

AMERICA TO ENGLAND

1899

WHO would trust England, let him lift his eyes
 To Nelson, columned o'er Trafalgar Square,
 Her hieroglyph of duty, written where
 The roar of traffic hushes to the skies;
 Or mark, while Paul's vast shadow softly lies
 On Gordon's statued sleep, how praise and prayer
 Flush through the frank young faces clustering there
 To con that kindred rune of sacrifice.
 O England, no bland cloud-ship in the blue,
 But rough oak plunging on o'er perilous jars
 Of reef and ice, our faith will follow you
 The more for tempest roar that strains your spars
 And splits your canvas, be your helm but true,
 Your courses shapen by the eternal stars.

1900

The nightmare melts at last, and London wakes
 To her old habit of victorious ease.

More men, and more, and more for over-seas,
 More guns until the giant hammer breaks
 That patriot folk whom even God forsakes.
 Shall not Great England work her will on these,
 The foolish little nations, and appease
 An angry shame that in her memory aches?
 But far beyond the fierce-contested flood,
 The cannon-planted pass, the shell-torn town,
 The last wild carnival of fire and blood,
 Beware, beware that dim and awful Shade,
 Armored with Milton's sword and Cromwell's frown,
 Affronted Freedom, of her own betrayed!

ENGLAND TO AMERICA

AND what of thee, O Lincoln's Land? What gloom
 Is darkening above the Sunset Sea?
 Vowed Champion of Liberty, deplume
 Thy war-crest, bow thy knee,
 Before God answer thee.

What talk is thine of rebels? Didst thou turn,
 My very child, thy vaunted sword on me,
 To scoff to-day at patriot fires that burn
 In hearts unbound to thee,
 Flames of the Sunset Sea?

GLORY

AT the crowded gangway they kissed good-bye.
 He had half a mind to scold her.
 An officer's mother and not keep dry
 The epaulet on his shoulder.

He had forgotten mother and fame,
 His mind in a blood-mist floated,
 But when reeling back from carnage they came,
 One told him: "You are promoted!"

His friend smiled up from the wet red sand,
 The look was afar, eternal,
 But he tried to salute with his shattered hand:
 "Room now for another colonel!"

Again he raged in that lurid hell
 Where the country he loved had thrown him.
 "You are promoted!" shrieked a shell.
 His mother would not have known him.

PIGEON POST

WHITE wing, white wing,
 Lily of the air,
 What word dost bring,
 On whose errand fare?

*Red word, red word,
Snowy plumes abhor.
I, Christ's own bird,
Do the work of war.*

THE PITY OF IT

I. IN SOUTH AFRICA

O*VER the lonesome African plain
The stars look down, like eyes of the slain.*

A bumping ride across gullies and ruts,
Now a grumble and now a jest,
A bit of profanity jolted out,
— Whist!
Into a hornet's nest!
Curse on the scout!
Long-bearded Boers rising out of the rocks,
Rocks that already are crimson-splashed,
Ping-ping of bullets, stabbings and cuts,
As if hell hurtled and hissed,
— Then, muffling the shocks,
A sting in the breast,
A mist,
A woman's face down the darkness flashed,
Rest.

All as before, save for still forms spread
Under the boulders dripping red.

*Over the lonesome African plain
The stars look down, like eyes of the slain.*

II. IN THE PHILIPPINES

SILVERY *rice-fields whisper wide
How for home and freedom their owners died.*

We've set the torch to their bamboo town,
And out they come in a scampering rush,
Little brown men with spears.

Shoot!

Down they go in a crush,
Sickening smears,
Hideous writhing huddles and heaps
Under the palms and the mango-trees.

More, still more! Shoot 'em down
Like brown jack-rabbits that scoot
With comical leaps

Out of the brush.

No loot?

No prisoners, then. As for these —
Hush!

The flag that dreamed of delivering
Shudders and droops like a broken wing.

*Silvery rice-fields whisper wide
How for home and freedom their owners died.*

BLOOD ROAD

THE Old Year groaned as he trudged away,
 His guilty shadow black on the snow,
 And the heart of the glad New Year turned grey
 At the road Time bade him go.

“O Gaffer Time, is it blood-road still?
 Is the noontide dark as the stormy morn?
 Is man’s will yet as a wild beast’s will?
 When shall the Christ be born?”

He laughed as he answered, grim Gaffer Time,
 Whose laugh is sadder than all men’s moan.
 “That name rides high on our wrath and crime,
 For the Light in darkness shone.

“And thou, fair youngling, wilt mend the tale?”
 The New Year stared on the misty wold,
 Where at foot of a cross all lustrous pale
 Men raged for their gods of gold.

“Come back, Old Year, with thy burden bent.
 Come back and settle thine own dark debt.”
 “Nay, let me haste where the years repent,
 For I’ve seen what I would forget.”

“And I, the first of a stately train,
 The tramp of a century heard behind,
 Must I be fouled with thy murder-stain?
 Is there no pure path to find?”

The Old Year sneered as he limped away
 To the place of his penance dim and far.
 The New Year stood in the gates of day,
 Crowned with the morning star.

THE GREAT TWIN BRETHREN

THE battle will not cease
 Till once again on those white steeds ye ride,
 O heaven-descended Twins,
 Before humanity's bewildered host.
 Our javelins
 Fly wide,
 And idle is our cannon's boast.
 Lead us, triumphant Brethren, Love and Peace.

A fairer Golden Fleece
 Our more adventurous Argo fain would seek,
 But save, O Sons of Jove,
 Your blended light go with us, vain employ
 It were to rove
 This bleak,
 Blind waste. To unimagined joy
 Guide us, immortal Brethren, Love and Peace.

TO MY COUNTRY

O DEAR my Country, beautiful and dear,
 Love doth not darken sight.
 God looketh through Love's eyes, whose vision clear
 Beholds more flaws than keenest Hate hath known.
 Nor is Love's judgment gentle, but austere ;
 The heart of Love must break ere it condone
 One stain upon the white.

There comes an hour when on the parent turns
 The challenge of the child ;
 The bridal passion for perfection burns ;
 Life gives her last allegiance to the best ;
 Each sweet idolatry the spirit spurns,
 Once more enfranchised for its starry quest
 Of beauty undefiled.

Love must be one with honor ; yet to-day
 Love liveth by a sign ;
 Allows no lasting compromise with clay,
 But tends the mounting miracle of gold,
 Content with service till the bud make way
 To the rejoicing sunbeams that unfold
 Its culminant divine.

There is a rumoring among the stars,
 A trouble in the sun.
 Freedom, most holy word, hath fallen at jars
 With her own deeds ; 'tis Mammon's jubilee ;

Again the cross contends with scimitars;
The seraphim look down with dread to see
Earth's noblest hope undone.

O dear my Country, beautiful and dear,
Ultimate dream of Time,
By all thy millions longing to revere
A pure, august, authentic commonweal,
Climb to the light. Imperiled Pioneer
Of Brotherhood among the nations, seal
Our faith with thy sublime.

II

HOME

(FOR THE OLD HOME FESTIVAL AT FALMOUTH)

THERE is many a whither away and many a clarion
call,

Many a deed for the doing and many a land to roam;
There are wonder-ways that wander where ancient
shadows fall;

There is only one path home.

And green is the path that leadeth to where in life's
first days

Our hearts like the buds of April to sun and to wind
uncurled,

Taught by this fair sea-village, wrapt in its pearly haze,
The beauty of the world.

It is here that our pulses caught the beat of the danc-
ing earth,

The multitudinous laughter of the violet waves at
play,

That our childhood took from the heart of God the
gift of mirth

Simply as thrushes may.

It is here that we first saw sorrow, here on these rose-clad sands ;

When for her homing sailors the town made jubilee,
Oh, the widow, the storm-robbed mother, that stretched imploring hands

To the unappealable sea !

With the breath of the pine and the cedar there came
to our spirits here

The breath of heroic life from the captains whose
voyages were done,

Like the bronzed sweetfern of October proud in their
fading year,

Honors of manhood won.

Here, too, where all were neighbors and hand lay warm
in hand,

Where, like our pink Mayflower with brown leaves
heaped above,

Plain ways hid finest feeling, a child might understand
The loveliness of love.

And like to the salty flaw that would pierce the forest
scent,

Beyond the sweet of the woods the illimitable brine,
Ever there thrilled to us through all human cherish-
ment

Hints of the far divine.

Thence it came that, as down the curve of our wind-
obeying cape,

The low, white, drifted dunes are wavy like the sea,

Early our thoughts were molded to the unconscious
 shape
 Of immortality.

There is many a shrine for pilgrims — the fountain
 that quenched our thirst,
 The hard-scaled summit of vision, the field of our
 perilous strife,
 But holy the awe that broodeth o'er the spot where we
 tasted first
 The sacrament of life.

THE FALMOUTH BELL

I

NEVER was there lovelier town
 Than our Falmouth by the sea.
 Tender curves of sky look down
 On her grace of knoll and lea.
 Sweet her nestled Mayflower blows
 Ere from prouder haunts the spring
 Yet has brushed the lingering snows
 With a violet-colored wing.
 Bright the autumn gleams pervade
 Cranberry marsh and bushy wold,
 Till the children's mirth has made
 Millionaires in leaves of gold;
 And upon her pleasant ways,
 Set with many a garden home,
 Flash through fret of drooping sprays
 Visions far of ocean foam.

*Happy bell of Paul Revere,
Sounding o'er such blest demesne,
While a hundred times the year
Weaves the round from green to green.*

II

Never were there friendlier folk
Than in Falmouth by the sea,
Neighbor-households that invoke
Pride of sailor-pedigree.
Here is princely interchange
Of the gifts of shore and field,
Starred with treasures rare and strange
That the liberal sea-chests yield.
Culture here burns breezy torch,
Where gray captains, bronzed of neck,
Tread their little length of porch
With a memory of the deck.
Ah, and here the tenderest hearts,
Here where sorrows sorest wring,
And the widows shift their parts,
Comforted and comforting.

*Holy bell of Paul Revere
Calling such to prayer and praise,
While a hundred times the year
Herds her flock of faithful days!*

III

Greetings to thee, ancient bell
Of our Falmouth by the sea!

Answered by the ocean swell,
 Ring thy centuried Jubilee!
 Like the white sails of the Sound,
 Hast thou seen the years drift by,
 From the dreamful, dim profound
 To a goal beyond the eye.
 Long thy maker lieth mute,
 Hero of a faded strife;
 Thou hast tolled from seed to fruit
 Generations three of life.
 Still thy mellow voice and clear
 Floats o'er land and listening deep,
 And we deem our fathers hear
 From their shadowy hill of sleep.

*Ring thy peals for centuries yet,
 Living voice of Paul Revere!
 Let the future not forget
 What the past accounted dear!*

THE FALMOUTH CHURCH

OUR fathers, in the years grown dim,
 Reared slowly, wall by wall,
 A holy dwelling-place for Him
 That filleth all in all.
 They wrought His house of faith and prayer,
 The rainbow round the Throne,
 A precious temple builded fair
 On Christ the Corner-stone.

The Angel of the Golden Reed
 Hath found their measure strait;
 He hears the great Foundation plead
 For ampler wall and gate.
 The living pillars of the Truth
 Grow on from morn to morn,
 And still the heresy of youth
 Is age's creed outworn.

But steadfast is their inner shrine
 Wrought of the heart's fine gold,
 Its hunger and its thirst divine,
 With jewels manifold,
 Red sard of pain, hope's emerald gleam,
 White peace, no glory missed
 Of righteous life and saintly dream,
 Jasper to amethyst.

Spirit of Truth, forbid that we
 Who now God's temple are
 And keep the faith with minds more free,
 Our father's fabric mar.
 Better than thoughts the stars that search
 Is self still sacrificed,
 For only Love can build the church
 Whose Corner-stone is Christ.

INDIAN BEARERS

I

*White was the world as a winding-sheet
The day we buried Parson Treat.*

SUNDAY it was as the new days go,
That there fell the first of The Great March Snow.
We marvelled that God chose His holy morn
To empty the grains from His hunting-horn,
Powdering all the soft Cape air.
Deep was the horn He emptied there.
A day and a night came down the snow
Light and idle as feathers blow.
A night and a day it fled and flew
Like a swarm of white bees escaped from the blue,
Globing the cabins and furring the trees.
Then the spray on the cliffs set in to freeze,
And keen as arrows the angry flakes
Whirled wild as the foam when a spring-tide breaks.
Few, thereafter, had craft to tell
When the morning rose and the even fell,
For the skies gloomed mightily; surges tore
Ancient rocks from the shrieking shore;
Tall red cedars were snapt in the gripe
Of the wind, as a foeman snaps the pipe
That shall puff no longer the smoke of peace.
Men had forgotten that storm could cease,
When the sun looked out through diamond sleet
On a world as white as a winding sheet.

II

*That bitter gale from out of the East
Bore our father's soul to the White God's feast.*

As far as the reach of an Indian's gaze
Shrouded were all the familiar ways;
New were the hillocks, the hollows were new;
Nor fox nor squirrel had ventured through;
Never a track nor a trace was there
Of the little feet that our wood-paths share;
But steadily on through that printless snow
We dug a road for our friend to go;
Through the deepest drifts we cut an arch
Six feet high for the burial march;
The up-flung snow, as our rude spades ploughed,
Fanned out above us a shimmering cloud.
Whenever a gust would the pine groves thrash
Till the icicles, thick on their boughs, would clash,
Or a snow-laden fir give a sudden crack,
We started as if his laugh came back;
For a merry heart had old Parson Treat,
Though his voice was rough as the blasts that meet
On the plains of Nauset; he laughed as he died,
As his soul went out on the ebb of the tide.
But now by that crisped and sparkling road,
Slowly we carried a silent load;
Through those white arched tunnels, with moccasined
feet
We walked our last by Parson Treat.

Crystal-floored was the pond we crossed;
 Muffled with snow and sealed with frost
 The fields he loved; and the grave below
 Was draped in white by the drifted snow.
 It glistened and gleamed in the tingling air;
 When we shut our eyes for the white man's prayer
 Our friend had taught us, we saw it yet.
 It stung our eyes till our eyes were wet.

III

*It was love of him that held us tame
 When every leaf whispered King Philip's name.*

Long ago, when the heads now hoar
 Slept in their mother's necks, our shore
 Was sold to the palefaces; long ago
 Were set the bounds where our fires might glow.
 They came from Plymouth, the stern chiefs seven,
 Friends of the terrible God of Heaven,
 Came for the woods where we loved to rove,
 For our eight fresh ponds and our shellfish cove.
 They bought Namskaket of Mettaquason;
 From our sachem of Nauset his all they won
 Save the width of a cornfield out on the Neck
 That the great waves beat and the soft foams fleck.
 But we longed for the hunt as we plied the tillage;
 Caged wolves were we in our Indian village.
 Ever the spring wind called to our blood,
 And our longings surged like the tide in flood;
 But level or upland, sunny or dim,
 The paleface deemed it was made for him.

Wheresoever he found a hill,
 He set the sea-wind tending his mill.
 If we cut the pine-knots to make us tar,
 Or dug us clams where the beach stretched far,
 It was trespass against the settlement law.
 We were as the mouse in the white owl's claw.
 They felled our reaches of oak and pine —
 Fools! for the storm-wind, bitter with brine,
 Buffets the soil from coast to coast,
 Wreaking its wrath like a foeman's ghost.
 Wherever we went, whatever we did,
 Still was the Indian checked and chid.
 Closer and closer they marked our bounds,
 Driving us back from the hunting-grounds
 Where our fathers had wandered beneath the sun
 Since first the ways of the world begun.
 They gave us a portion of cod and wheat,
 But the scorn of their eyes was sharp as sleet.
 They burdened our hearts with strange, new shame;
 Red faces were fair till the paleface came;
 And our hate grew rank as the river-flag grows,
 Till when thirty winters were nigh their close,
 They thought they had store for a minister's meat,
 And they called our Eliot, Parson Treat.

Little by little they eked it out,
 What might suffice for a soul devout,
 — Fifty pounds with upland and mead,
 A share in whatever the sea should breed,
 A parcel of marsh, a strip of the shore,
 And firewood piled at his cabin door.

The wood was for us to gather and stack,
 And winter by winter he knew no lack,
 For he gave good words and wise was he
 In the fashions of forest courtesy;
 But when he prayed his Great Spirit to pour
 Grace on the heathen, it puzzled us sore.
 Weary to us were the white men's prayers;
 Unfit we were for that heaven of theirs;
 The redman's tongue it is hard to trim
 Out of the warwhoop into the hymn;
 The redman's muscles were made of steel
 To chase the game and not to kneel;
 Better the war plumes in our hair
 Than the trickle of holy water there:
 Yet we hearkened the words our father spoke
 And bowed our necks to the White God's yoke.

Oft have we stood at the meeting-house door
 When the Parson's voice would the seas out-roar,
 While the Cape children, lulled by stormy sounds,
 Would sleep till the tithing-man went his rounds.
 'Twas a wonder to hear our father shout
 As he hammered the White God's anger out.
 Yet in every wigwam his voice was sweet;
 The papposes nestled between his feet;
 And ever he soothed the sullen brave,
 And the railing squaw with a smile forgave;
 As soon as he saw her black eyes flash,
 He would tease for a taste of her succotash.
 The villages blithened when he came;
 We hung the kettle and fanned the flame.

Ten mile afoot through the deepening sand
 Makes a hungry guest; then the hearty hand
 He would strike in ours, while from chest so stout
 Ever the big laugh rumbled out.
 Reading and writing he taught our young,
 While he learned of our elders the Nauset tongue.
 In the meeting-house that was twenty feet square,
 Thatched and loop-holed, he taught us prayer.
 He would bring the wild grapes of Monomoyick
 All the way to Truro's sick;
 In Sawkatucket he used to praise
 First their faith and then their maize.
 From Pochet down to Provincetown tip,
 Where first was seen the great winged ship,
 He would trudge to strengthen a soul for flight;
 He loved the red as he loved the white.

But oft in our villages while we heard
 Our father thunder the awful word,
 Our hearts were stirred by a longing dim
 That the fierce White God were like to him.
 Vessels of wrath we were, boomed he;
 God would torment our souls with glee;
 Laugh at the helpless that cried for aid;
 Mock the coward that cringed afraid;
 Much as our sires, I ween, would make
 Their mirth of a captive burned at the stake.
 So sinners, he said, God like briers would cast
 Into a fire that ever should last;
 He would make them the butt of his arrows; the weight
 Would be heavy on them of his endless hate;

His heart to their groans would be harder than flint;
 His fury would never know pause nor stint;
 Not as a man would he meet his foe,
 But deal him an omnipotent blow.
 At times he would preach of a land of love,
 But left us in scanty hope thereof,
 For from Roger Williams the word had crossed
 That probably Indians all were lost.

As the White God would, it hath come to pass.
 Our spears are blunted; our minds — alas! —
 Are all confused between wrong and right.
 We loved our father; we would not fight
 Against his people, not we, his band
 Of Praying Indians, though the sand
 Was hot with messengers, though there came
 On a stormy wind King Philip's name.

IV

*Sons and daughters had wept and gone.
 On a rough new mound the sunset shone.*

Our sorrow was full of undercries.
 We lifted our looks to the glowing skies,
 To the beautiful sun that gleamed so red,
 The sun our fathers worshipèd;
 For the sun rose to us and to us set
 Ere ever the paleface came to fret
 Our woods with his axe and our hearts with his law;
 Good was the world that our fathers saw.

For them their God made the starlights burn,
 Sowed for their covert the wild sweet-fern;
 When in heavy sands tired feet would sink,
 He breathed upon them from Mayflowers pink.
 But the white man's God was a foe to ours
 Who grieved as the rain for the broken flowers,
 But trembled like rain in the blow of the wind.
 Were our fathers granted their God to find
 In the Happy Hunting Grounds green and free
 Where they wander safe by a wider sea,
 Too wide for the white-winged ships to cross?
 Do they lie in the moonlight on red-cupped moss
 And husk the corn with laughter and tale,
 Or still doth the strong White God prevail?
 There, as here, doth his haughty frown
 Look strange on the Red God and face him down?

We were of the best in bookman's wit,
 And read the sermons the Parson writ
 In a hamlet here or a hamlet there,
 To the white man's God prayed the white man's prayer;
 But our people wilted like corn in drought;
 They perished like fish when the tide is out.
 Our store of simples availed no whit,
 Nor the white man's leech could benefit
 The redman's ill; and our father sighed
 By the deerskin beds where his converts died.
 And still, bewildered and strangely sick,
 We die in Meesham and Monomoyick.
 We die as the autumn leaves are shed
 From the oaken boughs, poor tribes of red.

The long sky-river our last look views
 Is crowded bright with our star-canoes.
 We know no more than the mown beach-grass
 Or the broken sprays of the sassafras
 Why we are cut from the white man's path,
 How we have vexed his God of Wrath.
 Our father told of one far away
 In some unseen land, on some bygone day,
 Who cured the sick; it may be thus;
 No hands of healing are laid on us.

Strong is the race of the great White God,
 But ours has come to its period.
 Our wigwams shall vanish from these our lands;
 Our paths be lost in the blowing sands;
 Our tragedy hidden in time's dim blur,
 And only a name be remembrancer
 That the Red God once had a people here.

Will they not miss us, the fox and deer?
 Will not cedar and juniper.
 Murmur together of days that were?
 Will the paleface care, as we, for these
 Soft whirrs of wings, and fragrances,
 Wraiths of cloud that go drifting by
 In the pearly-misted undersky,
 Blush of the brier-rose when it peeps
 From tangle of green where a nestling cheeps,
 Golden stems through the April land,
 And tawny Autumn's enkindling brand?

We have heaped the earth in the Parson's grave;
 We have given him love for the love he gave;
 We have prayed the prayers that he bade us pray;
 Now we reach our arms to the God of Day.
 Our hearts are bitter and clamorous.
 Red Sun, Red God, O comfort us!

THE SLAVE'S ESCAPE

WHITE lightnings shuddered up the sky,
 The thunder groaned afar,
 — Groaned like some wounded deity
 Of elemental war;

And Pomp, the slave that Deacon Brown
 So boasted him to own,
 The single slave in Truro town,
 Gave echo to the groan.

The wildest of the poor, snared flock
 Of "Guinea blackbirds" whom
 Beau Flash had brought to Plymouth Rock,
 He would not bear his doom.

The vastity of waters bound
 His spirit like a chain;
 His soul was maddened by the sound
 Of that far-sundering main.

They could not gentle him with prayer,
Nor holy lore impart,
Such jets of anguish and despair
Burst from his smothering heart.

Cuffee of Barnstable would sit
The sermon out in dreams
Of rainbow-colored birds that flit
Above the Congo streams ;

And Dinah's master from her sin
Had saved her ere he sold,
And into Bibles for his kin
Put Dinah's price in gold.

But Pomp was as untamable
As jungle lion ; he
Would war against the Christian spell
With pagan sorcery.

And now the thunder and the flame
Were calling him away.
The spirit's craving overcame
All terrors of the clay.

That dazzle in his brain was hope.
He snatched a loaf of bread,
A jug of water, coil of rope,
And like a shadow fled,

— Fled to his savage gods of storm
 At revel in the air,
 Swart demons grim and multiform
 That gave him welcome there.

Still stands the stump of that sad tree
 Whence a Cape Cod pilgrim went
 From bondage forth to liberty,
 And home from banishment.

THE "SOMERSET"

IT was a British man-of-war,
 With a French fleet racing after,
 That struck in her haste on Peaked Hill Bar,
 'Mid the billows' rebel laughter.

The hulk was their toy from spring to fall;
 Then, setting their shoulders under,
 They flung it far up the beach for all
 Who were minded to pry and plunder.

Stript and mocked the *Somerset* lay
 On the shore like a huddled giant,
 Frowning out on the dancing spray,
 Undauntable, grim, defiant.

But the shifting sands by their lord, the wind,
 To cover the wreck were bidden,
 Till the blackened timbers no eye could find,
 Even from memory hidden.

The life of a century slipped away,
As all mortality passes,
While in hushful sleep the *Somerset* lay
Under the coarse beach-grasses.

Then furious tides drove over the flat
And their wrath on the white banks vented,
Till the old ship rose to be wondered at,
Photographed, chipped, tormented.

She lifted her sullen, indignant head
And watched the wild Atlantic,
Scorning the tourists who flocked and said
Her fate was "so romantic";

But never a mast flew the Union Jack,
And that hoary hull, encrusted
With pearly, whispering shells, dived back
Under the sand, disgusted.

Still is she sulking beneath a dune
That dimples when winds are skittish,
Shut away from the sun and moon,
Undaunted, stubborn, British. .

EPITOME

A LONELY burial-ground is on Cape Cod.
Claiming the privilege of age, each stone
Leans as it will, its scarred front overflown
With winged cherubic head. By grace of God,
Fulfilled in nature's gentle period,
All ghastly blazonry of skull and bone,
Muffled in moss and lichen-overgrown
Hath made its peace with beauty. Seldom trod
These grasses are, where, ghosts of old regret,
Once-tended vines run wild, but should a guest
Stoop there, this weathered epitaph to trace,
'Twill whisper him of all the human race.
Here lies, beneath a heartsease coverlet,
"Patience, wife of Experience," at rest.

III

THE IDEAL

BY the promise of noon's blue splendor in the dawn's
first silvery gleam,
By the song of the sea that compelleth the path of the
rock-cleaving stream,
I summon thee, recreant dreamer, to rise and follow
thy dream.

In the inmost core of thy being I am a burning fire,
From thine own altar-flame kindled in the hour when
souls aspire,
For know that men's prayers shall be answered, and
guard thy spirit's desire.

That which thou wouldst be thou must be, that which
thou shalt be thou art;
As the oak, astir in the acorn, the dull earth rendeth
apart,
Lo, thou, the seed of thy longing, that breaketh and
waketh the heart.

I am the cry of the night wind, startling thy traitorous
sleep;
Moaning I echo thy music, and e'en while thou boastest
to reap
Alien harvests, my anger resounds from the vehement
deep.

I am the solitude folding thy soul in a sudden embrace.
Faint waxes the voice of thy fellow, wan the light on
his face.

Life is as cloud-drift about thee alone in shelterless
space.

I am the drawn sword barring the lanes thy mutinous
feet

Vainly covet for greenness. Loitering pace or fleet,
Thine is the crag-path chosen. On the crest shall rest
be sweet.

I am thy strong consoler, when the desolate human pain
Darkens upon thee, the azure outblotted by rush of the
rain.

All thou dost cherish may perish; still shall thy quest
remain.

Call me thy foe in thy passion; claim me in peace for
thy friend;

Yet bethink thee by lowland and upland, wherever thou
willest to wend,

I am thine Angel of Judgment; mine eyes thou must
meet in the end.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE

"And by this cape goe the Portingales to their spicerie."

CABO Tormentoso the sailors called it first,
And Stormy Cape all mariners shall find it ever-
more.

The passion of the hurricane on its iron rocks is nursed,
Veering winds of huge desire that thwart the plunging
barque.

Pale witch-fires glisten on the wave and beacon from
the shore,

And shipwrecked voices bid beware of gramarye ac-
curst.

Cape of Good Hope! We seek it far across the waters
dark,

But Cabo Tormentoso the sailors named it first.

By this wild cape the mariners go to their spicerie,
Weather-wasted mariners with dreaming, dreaming
eyes.

Behind them toss the sullen leagues of monster-haunted
sea;

Before them, oh, before them lift the breathing groves
of mace,

Nard and clove and cinnamon, where fragrance never
dies,

Where amber balsam drips from the flame-shaped In-
cense Tree.

Cape of Good Hope! Year in, year out, the reckless
sailor-race

Throw scorn upon your tempests for a waft of spicerie.

CARPE DIEM

THROUGH all the blithe, expectant day,
 His will was dull, his heart was gray.
 From eastern flush to western flame
 Without a strife or dream he came.

Beauty had called, and he was mute,
 Yet myriad beauty would not cease,
 Until he threw away his lute,
 Because it chided peace.

About him on the tufted moss
 Lay the spent bearers of the cross,
 And reapers faint from harvest stress.
 He envied them their weariness.

Though chants, intoned in fragrant air,
 Rose from the woodland hermitage,
 He had no sin to passion prayer,
 Nor any thirst to assuage.

He puzzled all the seraphim
 Sent to lament or laurel him,
 For his shield undinted was and fair,
 Yet the sunset would not dazzle there.

DREAM AND DEED

WHAT of the deed without the dream? A song
 Reft of its music, and a scentless rose.
 Except the heart outsoar the hand, the throng
 Will bless thee little for thy labor-throes.

The dream without the deed? Dawn's fairy gold,
 Paled, ere it wake the hills, to misty gray.
 Except the hand obey the heart, behold,
 Thy grievèd angel turns his face away.

OPPORTUNITY

HADST thou but wist the bright
 Way of my swift, sure feet,
 Pauseless in noon and night,
 Frost and heat,

Thou wert not fearful now my flash of steel to meet.

When like a new-lit star
 Sprang thy soul from the mist,
 On the brooding hills afar
 —Hadst thou but wist!—

I waved my sword and sped to keep the battle-tryst.

What though on turf and moss
 Soft was my footing set,
 With cedar-shade across?
 Didst forget?

No forest-waft went by without its thrill and threat.

Couldst thou retrace thy road,
 Strife were better than palm.
 More wouldst thou prize the goad
 Than the balm,
 Imperious stress of storm than citron-scented calm.

Still while, faithless of doom,
 Revel was thine and sleep,
 Over briar and bloom,
 Smooth and steep,
 On to our destined hour I swept as sea-winds sweep.

Lo! we are face to face,
 And that face of thine is white.
 Look not to me for grace,
 Draw and smite,
 Nor dare one prayer save this: May God defend the
 right!

BEYOND THE PILLARS OF THE RAINBOW

BEYOND the pillars of the rainbow lies
 Hy Bràsil, holy island of the skies,
 Where all our dream-ships moor in happy havens,
 Where all our questions meet divine replies.

The baffled longing that, one weary day,
 Upon a wind of sighs was blown away,
 A feathered seed, pursued by greedy ravens,
 The watchful birds that make our hopes their prey,

Found lodgment there and in the stillness grew
 A cedar tree whose summit pricks the blue,
 Whose level shadow cherishes a gracious
 Sequestered space of greenery and dew.

The solid earth is false and cheats our eyes
 With Druid mist and magical disguise.

Only our Dreamland, holy and veracious,
 Beyond the pillars of the rainbow lies.

THE POET

OF fairyland his foot is free,
 And with a seraph sword
 He keeps for sons of mystery
 That garden of the Lord;

Dim realm where all this earth's misrule
 Is glamoured into grace,
 Where pilgrims of the Beautiful
 Behold her solemn face;

That garden walled with ancient awe,
 Where the dreamer walks apart;
 That fire to which the world is straw,
 Land of the Living Heart.

SUCCESS

HE who would rear a palace for his pride
 Oft feasted in its halls, though none remain.
 Who dreamed to lift to God a perfect fane
 Sculptured one deathless pillar ere he died.

THE TREE OF SONG

AN idle tree, whose timber builds no ships,
 Whose wilding growth is all unfit to trace
 Trim parallels in park and market-place,
 Yet precious for the fragrant dew that drips
 From blowing sprays to comfort fevered lips,
 For lilt of hidden birds, for changeful grace
 Of leafy shade that sunbeams interlace,
 For heaven's dear blue about the spiring tips.
 The world's great highway takes no heed of it,
 Though paths wind thither through the April green.
 The earth's blind forces feel no need of it;
 Yet was there shaped, before the shaping hours,
 A subtle league and sympathy between
 This rhythmic tree and all effectual powers.

POETRY

OH, we who know thee know we know thee not,
 Thou Soul of Beauty, thou Essential Grace!
 Yet undeterred by baffled speech and thought,
 The heart stakes all upon thy hidden face.

SUNRISE IN THE LIBRARY

THE ivory light, untinged by faintest rose,
 But pale as any nun arisen chill
 And stealing up dim aisles to lift her palms
 In orison to Mary's marble knee,
 So blanched, so hushed and holy, glided in
 Our casements, spreading o'er the waiting walls
 Till all the lofty, long, belovèd room
 Came glimmering out into a dream of day.
 The carven walnut of the balconies,
 The browns and crimsons of the volumed shelves
 On every side revealing mellow tints,
 The chandeliers in azure draperies,
 The colored pennons on their leaning staffs,
 The long, green tables, and the careless chairs,
 Glad faces framed in gold, majestic busts
 Whiter than white beneath the crismal dawn,
 The windows lucent 'tween their polished bars,
 The gleaming panels and the glittering shields,
 All quietly reclaimed from melting dusk
 Their lines and lustres, waxing bright as if
 The spirits of the dead glowed through the books
 And shed a shining down their festal hall.

AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE

HERE shall the walls be wrought
 And the stately fabric gleam,
 A court for the kings of thought
 And the emperors of dream.

Though the forms they wore are gone
 Like shadow of flying bird,
 Their spirits are clothed upon
 With the immortal word.

Here the laurelled brotherhood,
 Like the stars in primal dance,
 Shall praise what God found good,
 With golden iterance;
 And the sages from east and west,
 And the prophets of burning lip,
 Shall welcome us to the test
 Of their great fellowship.

Here shall be garnered the fruit
 Of the mystical cosmic tree
 That gropes with its craving root
 Where the waters of wisdom be;
 And the burden of hearts that broke
 Neath the oracles too sublime,
 And lore of the nameless folk,
 The treasure-trove of time.

Here shall clarion voices call
 The crescent soul to joy,
 And hands of healing fall
 On feverish annoy;
 Visions shall come and go
 On the dreaming eyes of youth,
 And here shall her chosen know
 The countenance of Truth.

MUSARUM SACERDOS

WHO called himself your priest, Immortal Choir?
 Not Dante, though in ruddiest altar-flame
 He plunged his torch, and bore it through the shame
 Of deepening hell to domes of starry fire,
 In steadfast temple-service. Not that sire
 Of glorious chant, our Milton, he who came
 With solemn tread and vestments purged from blame
 To swing the censer of divine desire.
 But Horace, sipping at your crystal spring
 As lightly as he quaffed his Sabine wine,
 Caught up that lute, about whose golden string
 The rose and myrtle he was deft to twine,
 And sweetly sang, in pauses of the feast:
 "The poet is the gods' anointed priest."

DAN CHAUCER

"O most sacred happie Spirit!"
 Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, IV, 2, 34.

HAPPY? Was not the poet's hydromel
 By many a drop of bitterness profaned?
 Doth no autumnal disenchantment dwell
 In that calm wisdom by his eld attained?

Ah, but this laureate of England's prime,
 This golden-throat, drank joy from deeper springs
 Than penury's pursuing wolves could grime
 Or winter frost beneath enshadowing wings.

For when, his sprite with "glad devocioun" fraught,
 He knelt, May morn, on tender English sod
 To see the daisy spread, his pulses caught
 The rapturous rhythm of the Heart of God;

And strangely would we wrong the Heart Divine,
 Wherefrom pure mirth derives her sweet employ,
 To canonize but by the sorrow-sign
 And miss the primal sanctity of joy.

"Most sacred happie Spirit," enter in,
 With all thy train, amid the sainted souls.
 Till bird and blossom and the sunbeam sin,
 What angel shall contest your aureoles?

MATTHEW ARNOLD

ON HEARING HIM READ HIS POEMS IN BOSTON

A STRANGER, schooled to gentle arts,
 He stept before the curious throng;
 His path into our waiting hearts
 Already paved by song.

Full well we knew his choristers,
 Whose plaintive voices haunt our rest,
 Those sable-vested harbingers
 Of melancholy guest.

We smiled on him for love of these,
 With eyes that swift grew dim to scan
 Beneath the veil of courteous ease
 The faith-forsaken man.

To his wan gaze the weary shows
 And fashions of our vain estate,
 Our shallow pain and false repose,
 Our barren love and hate,

Are shadows in a land of graves,
 Where creeds, the bubbles of a dream,
 Flash each and fade, like melting waves
 Upon a moonlight stream.

Yet loyal to his own despair,
 Erect beneath a darkened sky,
 He deems the austere truth more fair
 Than any gracious lie;

And stands, heroic, patient, sage,
 With hopeless hands that bind the sheaf,
 Claiming God's work without His wage,
 The bard of unbelief.

IBSEN

DO you fling down his book in a passion?
 "That speech beside Shakespeare's!" Ah, but,
 While you cavil the nutshell's fashion,
 Is there nothing to say of the nut?

"By the bitter taste of the kernel,
 'Tis poison." Shall we, our feet
 So new in the fields eternal,
 Pronounce on bitter and sweet?

Yet bitter may purify rotten,
 And this taste that offends the tooth
 Be just what the world has forgotten,
 The pungent flavor of truth.

TO SHELLEY

I

HEARING the autumnal wind, I muse on thee,
 O Shelley, bird of most aerial note,
 Whose songs came pulsing from a kindred throat,
 As passionate, impetuous and free,
 As sudden-shrill with visionary glee,
 And hoarse with human agonies which smote
 Thy gentlest heart till it would fain devote
 Its music unto man's captivity,
 Singing the day when wrath and pride and fear,
 With the spectral troop of their unholy kind,
 Shall melt in love, as shadows disappear
 Before the sun; to evil unresigned,
 Urging the nobler discontent I hear
 In all these restless voices of the wind.

II

The summer comes again, by vale and hill
 With blossoms fashioning her fragrant way;
 But thou, the child of summer, to the day
 Art long unknown, and all thy steps are still.

In summer thou wert born, and didst fulfill
 Thy scanty urn of years while summer spray
 Whitened the shores where thy mute image lay
 Robbed of its poet. Hence the summers will
 Seek thee in vain. The eye that watched the cloud
 Hath locked its sight beneath the fallen lid;
 The ear that heard the skylark's note is vowed
 To a perpetual quiet. Thou art hid
 Beyond the summers, and thy name belongs
 But to a ceaseless melody of songs.

LONGFELLOW: IN MEMORIAM

ALAS, our harp of harps! the instrument
 On whose fine strings the nymph Parnassus-bred
 Played ever most melodiously, is rent,
 And all the music fled.

Alas, our torch of truth! the lofty light
 That yet a tender household radiance cast,
 And made the cottage as the palace bright,
 Is blotted out at last.

Alas, the sweet pure life, that ripened still
 To holier thought and more benignant grace,
 Hath spread its wings, and who is left to fill
 The dear and empty place?

How poor thou art, O bleak Atlantic coast!
 How barren all thy hills, my mother-land!

Where now amid the nations is thy boast,
And where thy Delphic band?

Of that bright group who sang amid thy wheat,
And cheered thy reapers lest their brown arms tire,
Whom ermined Europe raised a hand to greet,
As princes of the lyre,

The first have fallen, and the others wait,
The snow of years on each belovèd head,
With weary feet before the sunset gate
That opens toward the Dead.

And who abides to sing away our pain,
As these our bards we carry to their rest?
We need thy comfort for the tears that rain,
O poet, on thy breast.

It is our earth, where prophet steps grow few,
For which we weep, and not, O harper gray,
For thee, who caroled from the morning dew
To noontide of the day,

Nor left thy task when twilight down the wall
Stole silently in shadowy flakes and bars,
And whose clear tones, while night enfolded all,
Sang on beneath the stars.

The knights and dames had bent their heads to list,
The serving-maids were hearkening from the stair,
And little childish faces, mother-kissed,
Had flocked about thy chair,

When ceased thy fingers in the strings to weave,
 O'er thine anointed sight the eyelids fell;
 And thou wert sleeping, who from dawn to eve
 Hadst wrought so wondrous well.

O gentle minstrel, may thy rest be deep
 And tranquil, as thy working-tide was long.
 Our lonely hearts will grudge thee not thy sleep,
 Who grudged us not thy song.

THE PASSING OF CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

IT was little for her to die,
 For her to whom breath was prayer,
 For her who had long put by
 Earth-desire;
 Who had knelt in the Holy Place
 And had drunk the incense-air,
 Till her soul to seek God's face
 Leapt like fire.

It was only to slip her free
 Of the vestal raiment worn
 O'er the lengthening lily lea
 Toward the west,
 For a robe more lustrous white
 By the sunset spirits borne
 From mansions jewel-bright
 Of her rest.

It was only to shift her clime,
 Clinging still to the harp of gold,
 Fairy-gift of her cradle-time,
 Angel-gift,
 Of a strain so thrilling rare
 We shall hunger on earthly wold
 And listen if down the air
 Echoes drift.

It was little for her to pass
 From this storm-sea, well sufficed
 With celestial sea of glass,
 Sea of sky ;
 To change the dream and the spur
 For the truth, the goal, the Christ.
 Oh, but it was for her
 Much to die.

SWINBURNE

SEA-WIND and wave should chant thy requiem,
 The harmonic surges toll thy passing-bell,
 For thou, hushed Poet, wert akin to them ;
 Thy songs alone their music parallel.

IN THE POETS' CORNER

(R. B. ; E. B. B.)

DO they hold converse, keen as wine
 Under the pavement, they
 Who make, in truth, the royal line
 Of England, kings by right divine,
 Crowned with the bay?

Yet one is lonely in that great,
 Rejoicing fellowship,
 — Lonely with Chaucer for a mate,
 And Spenser, Dreamland's laureate.
 He hears the drip

Of Florence dew upon a mound
 That golden tides of spring
 Mantle with bloom, the angel-sound
 Of nightingales that all around
 Her silence sing.

ON THE GOLD COASTS

" We gave the tragedie of Hamlett."

AY, we were there at the last,
 What tempest and fever had left,
 For our consort capsized in the blast
 That shivered our sail as a weft

Of the gossamer ; ay, we were there,
 Wan, scurvy-bit bodies a score,
 And souls as cloudy with care
 As Hamlet's at Elsinore.

On those dazzling stretches of sand
 The sick fell into a chafe,
 For their thoughts sought home to the land
 Of shadow and rain. " Vouchsafe,
 Sweet Will, that thy spells outwear
 Their dolor, as oft before."
 And my sea-gown I girded fair
 For Hamlet at Elsinore.

Our ghost he was lean at the best,
 And his kingship keen for the wine,
 But Ophelia's taffeta vest
 Bore blazon of tar and brine.
 Tressed she her sailor hair
 With weed from the ocean floor,
 And tuned on that savage air
 Old snatches of Elsinore.

By the clear of the moon we played,
 Till the lads unfretted their brows,
 Comforted as with the shade
 Of beeches, where red kine drowse
 In the English lanes. Was still
 A flagon of ale — no more —
 And we drained it to Gentle Will,
 And to Hamlet of Elsinore.

APRIL 23RD, 1564

A MEMORY, like a zephyr, wandered through
The colonnades of Heaven and, at request,
Will Shakespeare reared a cloudy stage and set
His plays — sore shamed they were — once more to do
Their ancient office. All the angels praised,
But in the shelter of their wings confessed
One to another that the tricky sport,
Frenzies and furies and the shock of fray,
Perplexed their white, serene intelligence.
The highest ranks of the redeemed stood dazed,
But half remembering their mortality,
Rapture of love, pain's fierce reality,
In those far æons ere earth flamed away.
Only the hardly-saved, the devil-torn,
The ruddy fringe of that ethereal court,
Saints by the hairsbreadth, felt their lashes wet,
Sobbed out and shook when stormy Lear went crazed,
Threw asphodels to Rosalind, grew tense
With Hamlet's terror and, at end, their bliss
Sweeter within them for the taste of this,
Surprised their harpstrings with a gold acclaim,
A pæan for that misty English morn
While yet Time dwelt with Space, when softly came
The miracle,— when, an unheeded name,
Shakespeare was born.

THE GUEST

A POET crossed our sterile lands
 That blossomed as he came.
 Like men benumbed who spread their hands
 Against a cordial flame,
 We clustered to that burning soul.
 Our spirits, sick and dim,
 Touched his vesture and were whole,
 Such virtue flowed from him.

Our words fell faintly on his ears,
 For in a druid mist
 He moved 'mid mortal hopes and fears
 To some diviner tryst.
 Harkening through the human press
 To a far, ethereal tone,
 He made the crowd his wilderness,
 Surrounded and alone.

POETA POETARUM

(To M. P. G.)

WHAT news, Belovèd, from thy native hills,
 What tuneful tidings from the Hills of Dream?
 Does dim old Merlin follow yet the Gleam?
 Do climbers still forget all mortal ills,
 Even the lapsing of life's little stream?

The waves and billows have gone over thee;
 Thy precious things have fed the insatiate brine.
 Still on the heights thy changeless beacons shine
 Above the furthest reaches of the sea,
 Thine altar-glow invincibly divine.

The meads and valleys ring with viol and lute,
 With harp and dulcimer and soft citole;
 The music leaps from blossoming knoll to knoll;
 But on the naked peak the dreams are mute,
 And undistinguishable song from soul.

IV

WHAT IS THE SPIRIT?

I

WHAT is the spirit? Nay,
We know not — star in clay.

We know not, yet we trust
The dream within the dust.

We trust not, yet we hark
The song within the dark.

II

These few bewildered days
Ask little blame or praise.

All mortal deeds go by
As cloudlets down the sky.

We are our longing. Thus
Let Love remember us.

III

We know not whither beat
Its wings, nor what defeat

Death's mighty muffling glooms
May cast on fluttering plumes,

Or if it be success —
That folded quietness.

IV

When like a flaming scroll
Earth shrivels, if the soul

Should those fierce heats outwear,
What of ourselves were there?

A longing bruised and dim,
A seed of seraphim.

LOGIC

SINCE hunger is, bread needs must be.
Man begs from West to East,
And starved on human charity
Looks for celestial feast.

Sublimely inconvincible,
When earth his claim denies,
When flint and thorn his foot repel,
He arrogates the skies.

TO TRUTH

CELESTIAL Truth, most beauteous, most austere,
 White-flaming Spirit, take this homage-song
 Of one who seeketh thee now many a year
 Life's paven ways and woodland paths along.
 Thou know'st how oft the heart is faint for fear
 To lose thy trace amid the eddying throng,
 How oft the dewdrop neighbors with the tear
 On moss and heather where the foot went wrong.

Ah, how may darkness comprehend the light,
 And how should I, enmeshed and clouded so
 In multitudinous error, view aright
 Thy radiant visage and its glory know?
 For subtile filaments of falsehood blight
 The pattern fair whereto my deeds would grow,
 And still their fruits are bitter in despite
 Of all this groping of the roots below.

Well might my quest despair of thee, shouldst thou
 Despair of it, but still my haunted days,
 By each mysterious leafage of the bough,
 And ashes blanched by the escaping blaze,
 By lure of singing waves before the prow,
 And sunset runes in sard and chrysoprase,
 Awake the bosom Sphinx, renew the vow,
 And once again illumine the wistful gaze.

For even here thy beams encompass me,
 Tortured and solaced by the happy pain
 To feel the effulgence that I may not see
 Divinely fret the shadow and the stain.

Still let me love thy light, though long it be
 I wander blind amid the pilgrim train.
 If there is patience in eternity,
 Thy votary shall find thy healing fane.

THE GIFTS OF LIFE

ENFOLDING love, as life were one caress,
 Is baby-fee. For childhood, rosy glow
 Of blithe, adventurous blood. For youth, the throe
 And ecstasy of passion masterless.
 For manhood and for womanhood, the stress
 Of long day-labor, till, forwearied so,
 With quiet eyes we watch the shadows grow.
 Tears for the dead and dark forgetfulness.
 These are thy gifts, O Life! fair gifts and sweet,
 And each in its appointed hour is best,
 Yet incomplete and worse than incomplete,
 A mock, a horror, save indeed thou be
 What saints have trusted and what sages guessed,
 The veiled angel Immortality.

AVALON

THE rosary of life holds many days,
 And some are pearl and coral, gold are some,
 Enchanted opal, heavenly chrysoprase,
 But on the fatal thread anon there come
 Swart amulets the lips wax pale to kiss,

Days when the world hath faded from its bliss
And all the merry music gone amiss.

Ay, life is sweet, but ever and anon
The spent heart cries on Avalon,
Avalon.

For oh, the ravin of this shadowy wood,
The stain upon the sweetest songster's bill!
The treason of this murmurous river-flood,
Whose silvery course along the valley still,
The trustful valley tranced in sunset rose,
Breathes stealthy poison and consuming woes!
In the blithe eyes of Pan a horror grows.

Beauteous is earth, but ever and anon
The pierced heart cries on Avalon,
Avalon.

And woe is me for labor that is loss,
For truth the seed locked in a fossil lie,
And woe of woes for love whose martyr-cross
Is wrought from wood of Eden spicery.
A Voice, a Voice to read life's runic scroll!
But from the hollow places of the soul
Only her own fantastic echoes roll.

Man lives by God, but ever and anon
The starved heart cries on Avalon,
Avalon.

THE REMONSTRANCE

WEARY of life? But what if death
 To new confusion bids?
 Who knows if labor ends with breath,
 Or tears with folded lids?

The spirit still may miss of rest,
 Though oft the daisies blow
 Above the hushed and darkened breast
 Shut close from sun and snow.

Those halls, all curiously planned,
 Lie void, but whither thence
 Hath fled the tenant? Shall the wand
 Of peace her dews dispense

In equal share to hearts that beat
 Undaunted till the even,
 And rebels whose unbidden feet
 Would storm the heights of heaven?

Perchance no soul shall taste of sleep
 Until its task be sped.
 The charge the living failed to keep
 Goes over to the dead.

One perfect and mysterious Will
 Threads all this mortal maze,
 And calls each human voice to fill
 Harmonic note of praise.

The shadowy, as the sunlit hours,
That holy Will confess.
Death holds no secret slumber-bowers
For our unfaithfulness.

Then while the morning still is fair,
The earth-winds o'er thee play,
Speed on the Master's work, and bear
The burden of thy day.

Ay, welcome each new toil and pain,
The fiery angels sent
To teach our harps their golden strain
While yet in banishment;

Lest e'en for thee, whose steps may roam
Far in some tangled glade,
When all the sons of God flock home,
The feast should be delayed.

For, oh! too long, too long we fare
Without our Father's gate.
"Thy kingdom come!" is all our prayer,
And still it cometh late.

Not wrath, dear Lord, Thy mercy seals.
Our own unrighteous hands
Hold back Thy shining chariot-wheels,
And rob the wistful lands.

For none shall walk in perfect white
Till every soul be clean;
So close for sorrow and delight
These human spirits lean.

But thou go forth and do thy deed,
In forest and in town,
Nor sigh for ease, while pain and need
Are plucking at thy gown.

And thus, when bitter turneth sweet,
And every heart is blest,
Perchance to thee God's hand shall mete
His unimagined rest.

“COME UNTO ME”

WE labor, and are heavy-laden. Where
Shall we find rest unto our souls? We bleed
On thorn and flint, and rove in pilgrim weed
From shrine to shrine, but comfort is not there.
What went we out into thy desert bare,
O Human Life, to see? Thy greenest reed
Is Love, unmighty for our utmost need,
And shaken with the wind of our despair.
A voice from heaven like dew on Hermon falleth,
That voice whose passion paled the olive leaf
In thy dusk aisles, Gethsemane, thou blest
Of gardens. 'Tis the Man of Sorrows calleth,
The Man of Sorrows and acquaint with grief:
“Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.”

ON CHRISTMAS EVE

ON Christmas Eve, so runs the marvellous tale,
 Heaven once flashed through her amethystine veil,
 And while this raptured earth beheld and heard
 Those star-eclipsing choirs, the Eternal Word
 Put on our flesh to bear our human bale.

Faint with the sweets such sanctities exhale,
 Deep-brooding Doubt lets fall his winnowing flail,
 And feels his weary heart divinely stirred
 On Christmas Eve.

For sudden lustres play o'er hill and dale,
 The silence thrills to music, mothers pale
 Smile like Madonnas, and the Christ, unblurred
 By mists of time, unslain, unsepulchred,
 Life's cup re-consecrates to Holy Grail
 On Christmas Eve.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

SOFTLY I come into the dance of the spheres,
 Into the choir of lights,
 New from my nest in God's heart.
 O Night, the chosen of nights,
 Longing and dream of the years,
 Blessèd thou art.

Golden the fruit hangs on the hyaline tree;
 Golden the glistening tide
 Sweeps through the heavens; the cars
 Of the great mooned planets glide
 Golden; and yet to me
 Bow down the stars;

Casting their crowns, bright with aeonian reigns,
 Under the flight of my feet
 Eager for Bethlehem,
 Thither with music-beat
 Blent of innumerable strains
 Marshalling them.

Sweetly their chant soars through unsearchable space,
 Quivering vespers that thrill
 Into the deep nocturne,
 Symphony I fulfill,
 I who like Mary's face
 Wonder and yearn,

Cherish, adore, keeping the watch above
 The Word made flesh to-night,
 Wonderful Word impearled
 In childhood holy-white,
 Word that is Godhood, Love,
 Light of the World.

THE KINGS OF THE EAST

I

THE Kings of the East are riding
 To-night to Bethlehem.
 The sunset glows dividing,
 The Kings of the East are riding;
 A star their journey guiding,
 Gleaming with gold and gem
 The Kings of the East are riding
 To-night to Bethlehem.

II

To a strange sweet harp of Zion
 The starry host troops forth;
 The golden-glaived Orion
 To a strange sweet harp of Zion;
 The Archer and the Lion,
 The Watcher of the North;
 To a strange sweet harp of Zion
 The starry host troops forth.

III

There beams above a manger
 The child-face of a star;
 Amid the stars a stranger,
 It beams above a manger;
 What means this ether-ranger
 To pause where poor folk are?
 There beams above a manger
 The child-face of a star.

THE NEW JERUSALEM

WHEN the birds have hushed their choirs,
 Through the sunset's rifted fires,
 Like a queenly diadem
 Gleam afar the golden spires
 Of the New Jerusalem.

Thorny be our path and sterile,
 There is rest from pain and peril
 Where, with many a flashing gem,
 Jasper, chrysolite and beryl,
 Shines the new Jerusalem.

Not for these my heart beats faster,
 But for her ascended Master.
 Oh, to touch His garment's hem
 In the courts of alabaster,
 In the New Jerusalem!

NOCTURNE

THE love of the world it slides away.
 God send us quietness!
 The night is stiller than the day,
 And though the light be less
 White stars are gleaming from the deep
 And purple vast of sky.
 The road unto the stars is steep,
 But dreams may fly.

The stillness of the night is kind,
 And when the stars wax few
 There steals upon the cheek a wind
 Of sweetness and of dew.
 Slumber advances and recedes
 In delicate caprice
 That life may learn how much it needs
 And longs for peace.

The dulcimer of patience hath
 A music all its own ;
 Outwearing joy and grief and wrath,
 A tender monotone
 To soothe us till o'er sense and sprite
 The enshadowing hush is drawn,
 And down the solemn tides of night
 We drift toward dawn.

SLEEP

I LAY me down before the rustic gate
 That opens on the shadowed land of sleep ;
 I famish for its dews, and may not wait
 To hear its rivers flowing, drowsy-deep.
 I knock, O Sleep, the Comforter ! Again
 My weakness faints unto thy great caress ;
 The circling thought beats blindly through the brain
 With dull persistency of barren pain,
 And draws uncertain doubting and distress,
 To prove that man unto himself is very weariness.

Upon these withered grasses is no rest ;

Thy crimson-dotted mosses are denied.

I see thy wall in shining grapevines dressed,

But know that only on the further side

Droop low the purple clusters. Take me in !

I do not fear to trust myself to thee ;

Waking and danger are of closer kin,

But what hast thou to do with grief or sin ?

Imprisoned from myself, I wander free,

And no resplendent sun of noon grants such security.

I would not lie to-night so near the bars,

If to thy realm fair entrance I may find,

That through them I might see our mortal stars,

And hear the passing of our earthly wind.

Not even would I wish some gentle friend

To lean against them with a loving face ;

For rest and life were never willed to blend ;

And as I watched the day unto its end,

So would I sleep the night without a trace,

Not only of day's grievousness, but even of its grace.

Spread not my couch within thy garden beds,

Where fairy forms from out the blossoms glance,

And catch the yellow moonlight on their heads,

To shift it swiftly in the swaying dance ;

Nor wrap my limbs in thine enchanted cloak

Beneath the tree whose hollow shadows teem

With changing faces of fantastic folk,

And dim, dissolving shapes,— thy wizard oak

Whose every leaf conceals a fabled dream,

Whose dipping boughs disturb thy hushed and holy
stream.

But take me to thy kingdom's very heart,
 O solemn Sleep, with thee alone to dwell.
 In deepest grotto hide me, far apart
 From tone or touch, and guard mine eyelids well.
 Yea, charm the weary senses deaf and blind,
 And let me there lie face to face with thee.
 So shall the morning cleave the clouds to find
 Thy fragrance clinging to my waking mind;
 But what thy lips did whisper unto me
 I'll bear too fine for consciousness, too deep for
 memory.

Then call my footsteps in, O silent warden,
 For even as I plead, night waxes late.
 Call me to rest within thy holy garden,
 And lift the latches of the rustic gate.
 Others have won where I may not avail,
 Childhood and age by countless millions pass;
 Yea, guilty feet tread on where mine must fail,
 For thou art kind as death. The faces pale
 Of myriad sleepers gleam in thy sweet grass,
 And only I am left without to weep and cry, Alas!

Yet thou wilt take me in with all the rest,
 And walk among us in thine angelhood;
 And we shall wake, and know we have been blessed,
 If unaware, and that thy presence stood
 In mercy by each weary son of earth,
 To make us spirit sons of God once more.

With plenty wilt thou satisfy the dearth,
 With strength the weakness, and another birth
 Shall each white dawn unto our souls restore,—
 The gate by which we leave thy land, a new life's
 open door.

THE PRAYER

GIVER of all perfect gifts,
 Hear the prayer my spirit lifts;
 Not for morning to dispense
 More delicious frankincense,
 Nor for sweeter woodland tunes
 Through the dreamy afternoons,
 While the shadows shift across
 Tender slopes of tufted moss,
 Nor more magic on the sea,
 By the changeful clouds' decree
 Mystic gray or flashing green,
 Or superb in azure sheen.
 From her beauty-haunted days
 But for this the spirit prays,
 For the ken more poet-clear,
 Keener eye and subtler ear.

Cries the soul for truth? Behold
 Here the sages' leaves unrolled,
 Luminous with golden light
 Genius-wrested from the night.

Ere the open scroll thou con
Vex not heaven with orison
That an angel break for thee
Seals of higher mystery.
This, O spirit, be thy boon,
Swifter sense to read the rune
From the ages' passion wrought
And their deep, slow-laboring thought,
Or to trace in dewy-wet
Veinings of the violet,
Moon-led tide or melting cliff,
Nature's patient hieroglyph.

Great All-Giver, find we still
In the limits of Thy will
Life's abundant garden-space,
Balm and spice and blossom-grace.
What though blooms surpassing fair
Far above us flush the air?
Let the clamorous heart admit
How the vine too high for it
Daily on its pathway strows
Scented leaves of summer rose,
And beware the heedless tread
And the grace uncherishèd.
From her joy-enfolded days
Only this the spirit prays,
But for this her cry she lifts,
Power to grasp thy perfect gifts.

THE EMPTY ROOM

'TIS a fable of the East,
Oft by grave-eyed merchants told,
Resting for their frugal feast,
Dates and fountain-water cold,
Underneath the shadow calm
Of the palm.

Once a sage of sages, bowed
By the griefs of many years,
Led two young disciples, vowed
Unto truth beyond their peers,
To an empty room. Surprise
Lit their eyes.

Unto each he gave a coin,
While they waited, fain to do
What the master might enjoin.
Tremulous his words and few:
"Spend the gold and fill the bare
Chamber there."

Sped the first with eager feet
To the gay bazaars and bought
What he deemed most rich and meet,
Woods and stuffs full deftly wrought;
But not all their costly grace
Filled the space.

Musing deep in earnest breast,
 Through the mart his fellow passed
 And a candle bought: the rest
 Of the gold as alms he cast;
 For the room his candle bright
 Filled with light.

Quoth the sage: " By this once more
 Teach I, ere my voice is still,
 Vanity of earthly store.
 Only Allah's love can fill
 These our empty hearts. I cease.
 Go in peace."

OVERHEARD

THE dial in my meadow
 Quoth wisely to the night:
 " There would be no shadow,
 If there were no light."

To the loom, at rise of sun,
 The dancing shuttle said:
 " For a web begun,
 God will send the thread."

Trudging through the snow,
 The staff outsang the blast:
 " Patience had far to go,
 But she was crowned at last."

“A GOOD HEART BREAKS BAD LUCK”

IF one of us two must break,
 The luck that seeded my sky
 With stars malign, or this heart of mine,
 I swear it shan't be I.

He has pain and age at his back,
 Crosses and frets enough;
 I have laughter and love and a spirit of
 Unconquerable stuff.

He has flouted my every step
 All day on the windy wold;
 A knave in grain, he has blurred my brain
 And fooled me with fairy-gold.

All wrestle-stained I shall come
 To the inn where the journey ends,
 With an empty scrip, but a song on my lip
 That may happen to make amends.

QUOTH MARCUS AURELIUS

BRIEF is the sliding time allotted thee for breath.
 Live as on a mountain. Let men behold a Man.
 If they cannot suffer him, let them deal him death.
 Better to climb and die than plod in that dull caravan.

GODWARD

OUR angels are importunate.
 When we will not keep the path
 For any gleam of golden gate
 Nor chant of cloudy choir,
 A stinging grief they use for goad.
 Their love is sharp as wrath.
 They scourge us up the heavenly road
 With whips of woven fire.

THANKSGIVING

TO give God thanks when brief, oblivious nights
 The tranquil eve and blithesome morning part,
 Easy as bird-song that. But how when smites
 The mace of sorrow, stings the malice-dart?
 Ah, unbelieving heart!

To give God thanks in words — this is not hard;
 But incense of the spirit — to distill
 From hour to hour the cassia and the nard
 Of fragrant life, his praises to fulfill?
 Alas, inconstant will!

ANOTHER YEAR

EARTH giveth unto us
Another year

Miraculous
Her beauty to behold,
New dawns of rose and gold,
New starlights to enfold
Our dreaming sphere.

Love giveth unto us
Another year
Of marvellous
Ointments for weary feet,
A shadow from the heat,
Home welcomes and hearth-sweet
Communion dear.

Christ giveth unto us
Another year
Of burdenous
Tasks blessèd for His sake,
World's pity to awake,
To bind up hearts that break
Beside us here.

Hope giveth unto us
Another year
Adventurous
To follow the climbing Good,
By thorn and beast withstood,
To heights of brotherhood,
Through dim to clear.

God giveth unto us
 Another year
 All luminous
 With Him, our shining Source,
 Divine, redeeming Force,
 Of life's bewildered course
 Still charioteer.

FELICES

WE count them happy who have richly known
 The sweets of life, the sunshine on the hills,
 The mosses in the valley, love that fills
 The heart with tears as fragrant as thine own,
 O tender moonlight lily, over-blown,
 When the inevitable season wills,
 By gentle winds beside thy native rills —
 We count them happy, yet not these alone.
 There is a Crown of Thorns, Way of the Cross,
 Consuming Fire that burns the spirit pure.
 By luster of the gold set free from dross,
 By light of heaven seen best through earth's obscure,
 By the exceeding gain that waits on loss —
 Behold, we count them happy who endure.

NON NOBIS SOLUM

NOT for ourselves alone!
 The universal tone
 Of Nature thus our poor self-seeking chideth.

There lives no blossom that in chalice hideth
 Her scent, no star but his faint gleam divideth
 With leaf and wayside stone.
 Not for ourselves alone!

Not for ourselves alone!
 Beneath God's burning throne
 The ethereal soul was clothed with form and feeling
 To work some earthly task of cheer or healing,
 Strike out some spark of noble deeds, revealing
 The flame whence all are blown.
 Not for ourselves alone!

Not for ourselves alone!
 The seeds our hands have sown
 Shall yield their harvest to a younger reaper.
 We battle, heirs of many a churchyard sleeper,
 For scions to come, whose sworded thoughts strike
 deeper
 Than any we have known.
 Not for ourselves alone!

Not for ourselves alone!
 O spirit, overgrown
 With tangled wrongs and strange confusions, bruising
 The wings of thy first faith, take courage, losing
 Thyself to find thyself, in patience choosing
 This watchword as thine own,—
 Not for ourselves alone!

CHEER BY THE WAY

ONLY a flaming west
 Through the forest stems of pine,
 And clamorous day-thoughts sink to rest;
 The soul is again divine.

Only a generous deed,
 The gleam of a noble glance,
 And the freshened heart fares on to speed
 The world's deliverance.

THOU KNOWEST

THOU knowest, Thou Who art the soul of all
 Selfless endeavor, how I longed to make
 This deed of mine, adventured for love's sake,
 Thy deed,— sweet grapes upon a sunny wall,
 A rose whose petals into fragrance fall,
 A glint of heaven glassed in some lonely lake
 Amidst the heather and the fringing brake,
 Our secret,— ah, Thou knowest.

Though it call
 Only for pardon, still to Thee I bring
 My poor, shamed deed that craved the Beautiful,
 — To Thee, the Master-Artist, Who alone
 Wilt of Thy grace see in this graceless thing
 The pattern marred by the imperfect tool,
 And know that dim, wronged pattern for Thine Own.

STREWING THE GOLDEN GRAIN

STREWING the golden grain,
 Sowing for sun or rain;
 Shall this suffice that the soul may eat?
 There is whiter bread than is made from wheat.

Ah, for the irksome deed
 Time plucks up as a weed!
 But myrtle and lily and balsam leaf,
 How came these in our harvest sheaf?

'Tis our angels softly go
 After us down the row,
 And the broken hope and the hidden need
 Sow in our furrows for beauty seed.

SUNDAY IN THE CONSERVATORY

THE bells are ringing for church,
 Brother Canary,
 You twinkler from perch to perch,
 Curious, wary,
 Flickering ball of fluff,
 Topaz and sober buff,
 As the sun and shadow take turns
 Kissing your cage in the ferns,
 Captive Canary.

When the wild birds dip to the pane,
 Would you not follow,
 — Spent with their southward strain,
 Grackle and swallow?
 A flutter their swift flight brings,
 Tremor to timid wings,
 To the fragile daffodil plumes
 A longing for tropic blooms,
 Longing to follow.

Nay, yours is a sky of glass,
 Startled Canary.
 Those are but dreams that pass,
 Airy vagary.
 Stretch your glistening neck
 To the celery-leaf and peck.
 Yellow your roof of bars;
 What more do you know of the stars,
 Brother Canary?

What more? oh, the music he flings,
 Sudden as fire!
 The pulse of his prisoned wings,
 Their thwarted desire,
 Throbs in each mounting note,
 And the bliss of him, angel-throat,
 From the dancing orchids soars
 Till his tiny heart adores
 In the golden choir.

Let us be church-mates to-day,
 Brother Canary,
 — Playmates, as bird-folk say.
 Do the words vary?
 Little Laughter of God,
 Twinkling from rod to rod,
 Star embodied in fluff,
 Song is sermon enough,
 Holy Canary.

THE TRINITY

HER prayer-books had repose.
 One word her heart sufficed,
 Scent of a hidden rose:
 “Christ!”

To creeds her soul was shut,
 For her confession of
 The Christian faith was but
 Love.

She craved no temple wall;
 Between the sky and sod
 Her happy world was all
 God

THE OPTIMIST

THE world's wild strife and change
 He sees against a far horizon-line
 As shadows marshaled by a music strange
 To goal divine.

He laughs while love and death
 Are breaking mighty hearts, while Mammon jeers,
 He laughs a quiet laugh that echoeth
 The crystal spheres.

If men of bitter lip
 Deride him, still the dancing children share
 His secret, and the golden willow-tip
 In April air,

— Secret that shall surprise
 Doomsday to festival when through earth's dreams
 Of sorrow, pain, defeat, and sacrifice,
 The glory gleams.

OUR LADY'S TUMBLER

ON a leaf that waits but a breath to crumble
 Is written this legend of fair Clairvaux,
 How once at the abbey gates stood humble
 A carle more supple than beechen bow,
 And they cloistered him, though to dance and tumble
 Was all the lore he had wit to know.

He had never a vesper hymn nor matin,
 Pater-noster nor credo learned;
 Ill had the wood-birds taught him Latin,
 But to every wayside cross he turned,
 And Our Lady of Val wore cloth of satin
 Because of the gold his gambols earned.

So they cloistered him at his heart's desire,
 Though never a stave could he tone aright.
 With shame and grief was his soul afire
 To stand in the solemn candle light
 Abashed and mute before priest and choir
 And the little lark-voiced acolyte.

Of penance and vigil he was not chary,
 With bitter rods was his body whipt;
 Yet his heart, like a stag's, was wild and wary,
 Till at last, one morn, from the mass he slipt
 And hied him down to a shrine of Mary
 Deep in the dusk of the pillared crypt.

"Ah, beauteous Lady," he cried, imploring
 The image whose face in the gloom was wan.
 "Let me work what I may for thine adoring,
 Though less than the least of thy clergeons can:
 But here thou art lonely, while chants are soaring
 In the church above; and a dancing man

Might do thee disport." Then he girt him neatly
 And vaulted before her the vault of Champagne.
 On his head and hands he tumbled featly,

Did the Aragon twirl and the leap of Lorraine,
Till the Queen of Heaven's dim lips smiled sweetly
As she watched his joyance of toil and pain.

Ay, even so long as the high mass lasted
He plied his art in that darksome place,
And never again he scourged nor fasted
His eager body whose lissome grace
Cheered Our Lady till years had wasted
The dancer's force, and he drooped apace.

And once, when the buds were bright on the larches
And the young wind whispered of violets,
He came like a wounded knight who marches
To the tomb of Christ. With striving and sweats
He made there under those sombre arches
The Roman spring and the vault of Metz.

Then he could no more and, with hand uplifted,
Saluted Our Lady and fell to earth,
Where the monks discovered his corse all drifted
Over with blooms of celestial birth;
For when human worship at last is sifted,
Our best is labor and love and mirth.

V

THE PRAISE OF NATURE

I

O MOTHER NATURE, look upon thine own!
From men and cities and the thronging ways
We come to fall before thy gracious throne

In this deep solitude, where thou wilt raise
Our burdened hearts, bewildered with the bliss
And changing anguish of tumultuous days,

To thy pure heights of peace. Ah, mother, kiss
The fever from our lips that lost their song
When they forgot thy touch, as seabirds miss

The passion of their wings when human wrong
Hath borne them inland from their natal spray.
Calm goddess, speak thy word that maketh strong,

While o'er our wearied brows light shadows play,
Dropt from the leaves that fleck the azure day.

II

Lo, the delight of Nature! Ye who feel
Yourselves but slaves beneath the blind control
Of Circumstance, and bear his insolent heel

On your submissive necks, who yield the soul
To the despondent hour that wasteth it,
Forgetting how on rude and paltry scroll

Fair signs and sacred words may yet be writ,
Come to our joyous mother! Where she leads
Her fleecy streamlets down the hillsides, sit

And let the dawning wind that wakes the reeds
Refresh your heavy lids, whilst ye behold
How sunshine revels in the lowliest weeds,

And only human growths refuse to fold
In narrow cups their heritage of gold.

III

And ye who bow before the Commonplace,—
A generous peasant, but a clownish king,—
Return to Nature, till the oldtime grace

Flow once again from that sequestered spring,
Deep in the dim recesses of the heart,
Where each man hides a poet. Would ye bring

Food to his famished lips, forsake the mart,
And through the forest guide your haunted feet.
No curious nymph may thrust the boughs apart

With dewy arm; the Dryads grow discreet,
And scarcely is there found a modern breeze
So swift that it may catch the echoes sweet

Of laughter delicate within the trees.
Yet spirits fill the wood for him who sees.

IV

Yea, for the souls in pain our mother waits
With healing symbols. See her ocean beat
On barren sands and foam in rocky straits

With unavailing flow and vain retreat.
A restless breast that hoary pilgrim hath;
Dead faces touch it coldly, and his feet

Rage round the iron shores with fruitless wrath,
To escape his bondage. But yon moon, as chill
As some relentless conscience, points the path

And, moaning, he obeys. Look higher still.
Within those circling spheres are fiery wars,
And yet their beauteous orbits they fulfill.

Even heaven's wild hearts, the flaming meteors,
No rebels are, but far ambassadors.

A JANUARY TWILIGHT

THE air is starred with snowy flakes,
The spruces prick the sky,
And not a lonely pine tree breaks
The silence with a sigh.

Between the wastes of level white
And the cloud-drift dim and gray,
In tassellings of tender light
Beauty consoles the day.

They lose full many a scene like this
Who flee our winter rude,
As hearts that turn from sorrow miss
Its hushed beatitude.

TO A CROW

COME hither, taunted bird, and I will stroke
Thy ruffled plumage with a verse, O *triste*
And sombre minstrel at our Twelfth Night feast,
A music masquerading in thy croak.
How often, when the wild March mornings broke,
Have I descried thee, like a demon priest,
Heaping hoarse curses on the riotous East
From the bare branches of some tossing oak!

Yet ever welcome is thy wizard flight,
 — Most welcome now, when Earth lies imaging
 The sleep of death beneath a winding-sheet
 Of frozen snow intolerably white,
 A pallid waste crossed by the sudden, fleet,
 Beautiful shadow of thy sable wing.

A SHAKESPEARE MASQUERADE

THE storm had passed; the air was still;
 So, by the leave of Gentle Will,
 I shut the sovereign book of plays
 To woo the queen of winter days;
 But royalties are all akin,
 As world without to world within.

A carnival of sleeted snows!
 The elms were keen Mercutios,
 Dazzling with such a diamond wit
 No Capulet could suffer it.
 In muffled bush I marked her fret,
 The crook-backed nurse of Juliet.

Two opalescent briars pricked
 Like Beatrice and Benedict.
 Beyond their tinkling repartee
 Stood marble-wrought Hermione,
 With ghost and mantled Prospero
 And many a "mockery king of snow."

Across the sparkling crust had gone
 The fairy feet of Oberon,
 And high upon a crystal wall
 A tuft of grasses showed to all
 How poor old Lear's white hair had tossed
 A last defiance to the frost.

Enskied and sainted Isabel
 Had stolen from her nunnery cell,
 And where the burdened hemlock threw
 Dark shadow on the drift, I knew
 A sable-suited Hamlet bowed
 Above Ophelia in her shroud.

ILLUMINED

A NAKED tree against the sunset sky,
 A tall, black tree whose leaves of emerald sheen,
 That blissful birds were wont to peep between,
 Long since have fallen. Through her summit high
 The winter winds have swept with bitter cry
 And left her desolate, a crownless queen,
 Yet beautiful for amber lights serene
 That all the ebon outlines glorify.
 The Light! The Light! 'Mid her abandoned, bare,
 Stript branches like a tracery of jet,
 Streams heavenly splendor. Fairer to behold
 Than all those summer graces they forget,
 Her boughs are as a shadow on the air,
 A foil, a fretwork in the flood of gold.

MIDWINTER

MIDWINTER, but the gracious skies are blue,
 Save where the apple-green horizon line
 Glistens between the interlacings fine
 Of dark elm branches. Soft winds wander through
 The tufts of meadow grasses gaunt and few,
 And golden-tipped the cloudy willows shine
 Along the far-off brooks. Our hearts divine
 Old Winter sleeps and smiles, as sleepers do,
 Dreaming of winsome Spring. May all sweet dreams
 come true!

A SONG OF WAKING

THE maple buds are red, are red,
 The robin's call is sweet;
 The blue sky floats above thy head,
 The violets kiss thy feet.
 The sun sheds emeralds on the spray,
 And sapphires on the lake;
 A million wings unfold to-day,
 A million flowers awake.

Their starry cups the cowslips lift
 To catch the golden light,
 And like a spirit fresh from shrift
 The cherry tree is white.

The innocent looks up with eyes
 That know no deeper shade
 Than falls from wings of butterflies,
 Too fair to make afraid.

With long, green raiment blown and wet,
 The willows, hand in hand,
 Lean low to teach the rivulet
 What trees may understand
 Of murmurous tune and idle dance,
 With broken rhymes whose flow
 A poet's ear shall catch, perchance,
 A score of miles below.

Across the sky to fairy-realm
 There sails a cloud-born ship;
 A wind-sprite standeth at the helm
 With laughter on his lip.
 The melting masts are tipped with gold;
 The brodered pennons stream;
 The vessel beareth in her hold
 The lading of a dream.

It is the hour to rend thy chains,
 The blossom-time of souls.
 Yield all the rest to cares and pains;
 To-day delight controls.
 Gird on thy glory and thy pride,
 For growth is of the sun;
 Expand thy wings, whate'er betide;
 The summer is begun.

THE SPRING OF LIFE

SPRING of the Year,
 Keeping thy trust so exquisitely well,
 Each fluting note and dainty tint revere
 The sanctity of Nature's miracle!
 Thy fine yet frolic mirth
 Uplifts the soul on every wee bird's wing.
 Thy beauty hallows all the laboring earth,
 O perfect Spring.

 And Youth, no less,
 If Youth divined the sweetness she might shed,
 She would not dim by one unworthiness
 The coronal upon her queenly head.
 She would not mar the dream
 That makes illimitable longing cling
 About her rose-clad grace, nor once blaspheme
 The Gods of Spring.

MAY

THE fragrances of May are on the air,
 Our shy New England air, yet interblent
 With breath of rosy orchards and with rare
 Arbutus scent,
 Sweet as the Orient.

The songs of May are on the dulcet air,
 Blithe carols, trills, melodious mating calls.

These hidden brooks have tunes as debonair
 As waterfalls
 That silver Alpine walls.

Life, pulsing, poignant life is in the air.
 The winter-wasted heart, that dared blaspheme
 By weary apathy and bleak despair
 The Joy Supreme
 Re-blossoms into dream.

GYPSY-HEART

THE April world is misted with emerald and gold;
 The meadow-larks are calling sweet and keen;
 Gypsy-heart is up and off for woodland and for wold,
 Roaming, roaming, roaming through the green.
 Gypsy-heart, away!
Oh, the wind — the wind and the sun!
 Take the blithe adventure of the fugitive to-day;
 Youth will soon be done.

From buds that May is kissing there trembles forth a
 soul;
 The rosy boughs are whispering the white;
 Gypsy-heart is heedless now of thrush and oriole,
 Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming of delight.
 Gypsy-heart, beware!
Oh, the song — the song in the blood!
 Magic walks the forest; there's bewitchment on the
 air.
 Spring is at the flood.

The wings of June are woven of fragrance and of fire;
 Heap roses, crimson roses, for her throne.
 Gypsy-heart is anguished with tumultuous desire,
 Seeking, seeking, seeking for its own.
 Gypsy-heart, abide!
Oh, the far — the far is the near!
 'Tis a foolish fable that the universe is wide.
 All the world is here.

UNDER THE FERNS

I

SING, bird, sing,
 Fill the dawn with glee;
 All the blessings of the Spring
 Light on thee!

 Choose, oh, choose,
 Choose a Valentine,
 In the sunbeams and the dews
 Only thine!

 Call, call, call;
 On some twig she swings;
 Apple-blossoms somewhere fall
 Down her wings.

II

Strow, wind, strow,
 Strow the drifted blooms;
 Blithest hearts may beat below
 Brownest plumes.

Dip, birds, dip
Where the ferns lean over,
And their crinkled edges drip,
Haunt and hover.

Trill your mirth
High to heaven above;
Trill the tune of all the earth,
— Love, love, love!

III

Green, green, green,
Doth the shadow rest,
Where the scented curtains screen
Dainty nest.

Peep, oh, peep!
Waiting for a feather,
Cozy birdlings fast asleep
Dream together,

Dream, dream, dream
Of a brooding breast,
On folded wings in shade and gleam
Lightly pressed.

IV

Folded wings,
Folded wings must fly.
Not a bird in thicket sings;
Chill winds sigh.

Blow, wind, blow,
From the norlands stern.
Fill the ruined nest with snow ;
Blight the fern.

Summer, pass
To thy sepulchre.
Ye whose days are as the grass,
Weep for her.

SUMMER DAWN

THREE hours since dreary midnight, and behold!
Sad whippoorwill his solitary lay
Had scarcely ceased when clear from wood and wold
Rang out the choral melodies of day.

And while the moon, a pallid film and cold,
Was fading back into a cloud of gray,
The blithe young sun illumed with living gold
The crested waves and amber-misted spray.

HILLS AND SEA

THE restless sea, the ever-surg-ing sea,
Lacks the majestic calm of yon strong hills,
With azure summits bathed in heaven. God wills
One nature to the mountains, and to thee,
Tumultuous deep, a different destiny.

His sunlight glances in their leaping rills,
 His balm upon their forest breath distils,
 His high winds sweep across them pure and free.
 But O my ocean, O my saddest, bravest,
 Forever flinging thy wild heart away,
 Forever forcèd from the land thou cravest
 By secret laws thy being must obey!
 Thine is it still to strive and fail and long;
 But where hath earth a music like thy song?

OUT OF SIGHT OF LAND

I

WE are at sea, at sea, at sea,
 Still floating onward dreamily.
 The isles and capes fall far behind,
 Blown backward by the salty wind.
 The sky her sapphire chalice turns
 Upon the deep, which gleams and burns
 With sunlight; in the midst we ride,
 A fleck upon the sheeny tide.
 Millions of sparkles leap and dance
 Above the blinding, blue expanse;
 And on the round horizon-rim
 The ghosts of vessels dawn and dim.
 Beneath our bended glances break
 The splendors of the shimmering wake.
 We watch the iris-shedding wheel,
 We hear the swift, melodious keel,

And wonder, when with placid eye
 Some strange sea-monarch plunges by
 Between his waves in marshaled file
 That doff their white-plumed caps the while.

II

We are at sea, at sea, at sea,
 Still floating onward dreamily.
 What is this marvel that is wrought
 Within our silent haunts of thought?
 We hail no ships of roseate shells;
 We catch no mermaid's bridal bells;
 No siren's song with yearning stirs
 The souls of drifting mariners.
 The world, alas! hath waxed too wise
 To trust her cradle lullabies,
 And nevermore her feet may stand
 In moonlight glades of fairyland.
 Yet on the main whose gray heart beat
 Beneath the westward-sailing fleet
 That bore Columbus, 'neath the sun
 That shone on builded Babylon,
 Ourselves unto ourselves grow strange,
 Made conscious of our mortal change.
 We are the dream, and only we,
 'Twixt the enduring sky and sea.

INTO THE NIGHT

ARISE, come forth into the night! Arise,
 Belovèd, for her dusky lips will teach
 A nobler tale than any mortal speech,
 And the pure lights of her eternal eyes,
 Beyond all anger, sorrow and surprise,
 Look with the same large loveliness on each,
 Not human-fashion, scorning who beseech
 To cherish those who scorn. The gleaming skies
 Are royal with old goddesses and queens
 Whose faces lit the earth till, banished thence,
 They watch from heaven the fair, familiar scenes
 That nevermore shall do them reverence,
 Though humbled Cassiopaea earthward leans,
 And Cynthia sheds her old beneficence.

THE HARPER

THE self-sufficing, perfect moon sat in the skies
 alone,
 Save for one star, a little page below her amber throne,
 And yet it was the star whose harp made all the heavens
 glisten
 With brother stars come stealing out from their blue
 tents to listen.

“WHEN GOD DAWNS, HE DAWNS ON ALL”

GOD looked out through the casement of the dawn,
 And all the earth was gladdened by His face,
 — The far wild hills, the smooth seigniorial lawn,
 The prison-yard’s enwalled, stone-paven space.

THE SWEET O’ THE YEAR

CRIMSON bushes line the hollows,
 Yellow tree-tops fringe the hills.
 The sky is full of swallows,
 With a twitter in their bills.
 The sky is full of swallows,
 The air is full of sun,
 And sparkling winter follows,
 When autumn’s done.

Ivory pillar, crystal rafter,
 Make a palace of the wood.
 The world is blithe with laughter,
 She wears an ermine hood.
 The world peeps out in laughter.
 Her hood will melt anon.
 But oh, the spring comes after,
 When winter’s gone.

Gleam of bluebirds, flute of thrushes,
 Thrill the blossom-misted trees.
 The apple-orchard blushes.
 Arbutus balms the breeze.

The apple-orchard blushes,
 The heart is on the wing,
 And flood of summer gushes
 From founts of spring.

Sea and summit tempt the rover;
 Fairy horns to forest call.
 The bees are drunk with clover,
 The earth's a dancing ball.
 The bees are drunk with clover.
 The poem of the year
 Turns a new leaf over,
 And autumn's here.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING

SOFT the golden sunshine crept through the autumn
 trees and slept
 On her shining head bowed meekly coming from the
 house of God,
 And along the woodland road, wending to her new
 abode,
 Where the April wind had sowed, laughed the nod-
 ding goldenrod.

Thus my grandsire led his bride, lily-robed and gentian-
 eyed,
 Past the brook that sang unceasing her new name in
 silver tone,

Underneath the maple grove where the leaves such carpet wove,
As their jealous blushes strove to surpass the maiden's own,

To a cottage, woodbine-thatched, whose rude door his hand unlatched,
While above the drooping eyelids with their dreamy smile below,
Close he bent his comely head,— so the gossip squirrels said,
Peeping through the oak-leaves red, fifty happy years ago.

For their love white plumage lent to the days of their content,
And so swift the singing seasons flew before their wedded feet,
That themselves might scarcely know where the sunbeams met the snow,
And the blossoms ceased to blow in the shadow of the wheat.

Thus their youth ran into age, and albeit their pilgrimage
Knew full many a thorn-set passage where they fainted as they trod,
When the brooding sunset light flooded every vale and height,
All the way seemed golden bright in the constant smile of God.

And my grandsire, looking back o'er the long, illumined track,
 Counting fifty years like jewels in his marriage diadem,
 Stooped anew to kiss the brows of his worn and withered spouse,
 Calling all his scattered house to return and feast with them.

Straight we flocked from east and west back to the forsaken nest,
 Some with storm-beat, broken plumage; some with grace of dovelike ways;
 Eagle hearts and pinions strong; twilight voices sweet of song,
 And the twittering broods that throng on the leafy summer sprays.

From the north and south we came, all the children of his name,
 Blown like autumn leaves together homeward to the parent tree,
 And he blessed us one and each in his quaint, unlettered speech,
 Praying all our feet might reach mansions by the crystal sea.

Then with smiles and tender tears, honoring the garnered years,
 We in turn our costly tokens did with loving hands unfold,

But the old man turned him where little faces pressed
 his chair,
 For the gifts he counted fair were those clustering
 heads of gold.

Yet with pitying eyes and dim looked the wedding-
 guests on him,
 Stepping softly like sojourners in a consecrated
 place,
 For the weary, white-haired bride lay in pain till even-
 tide,
 And before the dawn she died, smiling in her hus-
 band's face.

Soft once more the sunshine crept through the autumn
 trees and slept
 On her faded hands crossed meekly borne from out
 the house of God,
 While beside the woodland road wending to her last
 abode,
 Where the April wind had sowed, wept the dewy
 goldenrod.

HURT

ALONE he wandered in the waning day,
 Too sore of heart for human touch; the dim,
 Soft masses of enpurpled cloud that lay
 Low in the west could better comfort him.

AUTUMN

THIS rich October sunshine is so bright,
The yellow leaves, that at the wind's least breath
Must fall, seem melting into golden light,
As frail old age faints softly into death.

FLIGHT

GRAY shadows roughen all the sea,
The birds are met on rock and tree,
But no debate of love or hate
Doth sway this busy company.

Ah, what impatient pulses beat
In those poised wings, what sudden heat
To quit the isle whose April smile
The blithe nest-builders found so sweet!

The silent, dark, unswerving line,
Obedient to the impulse fine,
Begins its flight at shut of night
Across the leagues of bitter brine.

Before them lie the gardens fair
With balm and bloom and purple air.
They leave behind the boding wind,
The frosted fields, the branches bare.

Frail lovers of the languid rose,
A nobler joy yon raven knows,
That dares abide the wintry tide
And revel in the blinding snows.

Thou, too, O soul, disdain to flee
Where siren ease would beckon thee.
In stress and strain and battle-pain,
Win thou thy peace by victory.

SUNKEN LEAVES

W^{AN} sleep the sunken oak-leaves in the lake
While over them the ripples come and go;
Too deep their dream for little waves to break
With busy idleness of to and fro.

Green glanced the hope and garnet glowed the pride,
All ghost and wreckage ere the year is done.
Poor perished leaves! but toward the waterside
There glides a glory from the westering sun.

Strangely these victims of the frost and storm
Beneath that crystal shield their hues reclaim,
Pouring such treasured glories forth as form
A tessellated floor of sudden flame.

How much of loss and ruin went to weave
This flush as transient as a world's desire!
But who would not be shattered to achieve
Such brief, divine apocalypse of fire!

WINTER

A HA! he is here again.
 His stormy trumpets blow;
 The swift, dim lines of the beating rain
 Blossom to starry snow,

Till the air is white as a nun
 With the whirling, thistledown grace
 Of myriad flakes, and every one
 A fret of fairy lace.

Each naked stem they cloak
 Till it shines like a birch in spring,
 And each dry leaf that clings to the oak
 Becomes a feathery wing.

With morning the drifts are deep,
 And strangely over them go,
 Like dreams on the silent heart of sleep,
 Shadows of jay and crow;

But the hungry chickadees wait,
 Their tree-hollow sealed with ice,
 Till the sun shall open that crystal gate
 To a sparkling paradise;

For never a branch so bare,
 So gnarled and crooked and gray,
 But it dazzles with diamonds unaware
 And rainbows out at play.

Too soon the sun unfurls
Gold banners in the west;
The diamond pendants pale to pearls,
The flying shadows rest;

And the fair young moon in joy
Comes flushing up the sky,
To find our world a Christmas toy
Carven in ivory.

TO THE OLD YEAR

AUF *wiedersehen!* For we shall meet before
The throne of God. The drifting snows confuse
Thy foot-prints. Down the echoing wind I lose
Thy voice. So be it. We shall meet once more.

When from the grave of Time thou com'st again
To front my soul in Judgment, witness bear
To error, failure, sin; but oh, my prayer,
My strife forget thou not! *Auf wiedersehen!*

THE NEW YEAR

LONG foretold by those prophets old,
The sun, the moon, and the stars,
The New Year waits at Time's high gates,
And clashes the golden bars.

And the soul of the world awakens and gropes
 In a twilight wonder of fears and hopes,
 As a new wave breaks on the beaten shores,
 As a new foot falls on the trodden floors,
 And a New Year stands with uplifted hands
 In the light of the opened doors.

 All uncrowned, with his hair unbound,
 His white hair loose on the wind,
 The Old Year goes to his long repose,
 But he casts his gifts behind.
 With glimmer of tears and flicker of smile,
 He takes his place in the pilgrim file
 Of the dim-eyed years who journey along,
 Shrilling us back a discordant song,
 That mingles and blends with the distance and ends
 In a harmony soft and strong.

 Long foretold, in the morning cold,
 With pain and music and mirth,
 The New Year gleams on the broken dreams
 Of the fast-revolving earth;
 A secret, a change, and a mystery,
 What hath not been and what is to be,
 Nourished and cherished and hidden away,
 Saved by Time for this ripening day,
 To work a deed forever decreed
 And a mission it must obey.

 All unknown, it is thou alone
 Who canst tell thine errand aright,—
 A whispered thought when the world was not,
 And a sign made in the night.

Far from the touch of our vain surmise,
 In thy folded hours thy meaning lies,
 To some for blessing, to some for curse;
 Yet none would thy destined dawn disperse,
 For it works in the plan that is more than man,
 And is well for the universe.

THE CHANGING ROAD

BENEATH the softly falling snow
 The wood whose shy anemones
 We plucked such little while ago
 Becomes a wood of Christmas trees.

Our paths of rustling silken grass
 Will soon be ermine bands of white
 Spotted with tiny steps that pass
 On silent errands in the night.

The river will be locked in hush
 But frosted like a fairy lawn
 With knots of crystal flowers that flush
 By moonlight, blanching in the dawn.

Flown are our minstrels, golden-wing
 And rosy-breast and ruby-throat,
 But all the pines are murmuring
 A sweet, orchestral under-note.

So trustfully our hands we lay
 Within the old, kind hands of Time,
 Who holds on his mysterious way
 From rime to bloom, from bloom to rime,

And lets us run beside his knee
 O'er rough and smooth, and touch his load,
 And play we bear the burden, we,
 And revel in the changing road,

Till ivory dawn and purple noon
 And dove-grey eve have one by one
 Traced on the skies their ancient rune,
 And all our little strength is done.

Then Time shall lift a starry torch
 In signal to his gentle Twin
 Who, stooping from a shining porch,
 Gathers the drowsy children in.

I wonder if, through that strange sleep
 Unstirred by clock or silver chime,
 Our dreams will not the cadence keep
 Of those unresting feet of Time,

And follow on his beauteous path
 From snow to flowers, from flowers to snow,
 And marvel what high charge he hath,
 Whither the fearless footsteps go.

VI

LOVE PLANTED A ROSE

LOVE planted a rose,
And the world turned sweet.
Where the wheat-field blows
Love planted a rose.
Up the mill-wheel's prose
Ran a music-beat.
Love planted a rose,
And the world turned sweet.

HEART OF HEARTS

WILL you come to my heart of hearts? 'Tis a
path o'ergrown with rue,
Where rarely a footprint parts the mosses or dims the
dew;
Yet there, in the thorn-tree cloven, her nest hath a
song-bird woven,
And deep in my heart of hearts the love-light burns
for you.

Would you wend from my heart of hearts? Shall I
hold my guest my thrall?
Peace to the rose that starts wherever your footsteps
fall!

But leaping in fitful flashes, the hearth-fire pants to
ashes ;
Shadow on bench and ingle, shadow on floor and wall.
All dark in my heart of hearts? Nay, the skies that
once were far,
The skies whence the lightning darts, the skies where
the rainbows are,
Look in through the broken thatches. Only the wind
at the latches,
But glad is my heart of hearts with the glory of sun
and star.

“SHE IS THE GRACE OF ALL THAT ARE ”

(*Ben Jonson*)

SHE is the grace of all that are,
The fragrancy of morn,
The wild, blithe ring, afar, afar,
Of Dian's horn.

She is the hidden carol in
The fringes of the wood,
The sudden blue when clouds wax thin,
The joy of good.

May God who wrought our fleeting race
Forbid her fatal star,
Remembering she is the grace
Of all that are.

VALENTINE

GOOD night, True Heart! If we could part
 'Twere night indeed. But go
Not yet, not yet, lest we forget
 The saint's punctilio.

If my earliest sight by the morrow light
 Be the pearl of thy tender face,
Saint Valentine will assure thee mine
 For another twelve moons' space.

How else, mine All? When these eyelids fall,
 They fold thy beauty in;
And when the light calls home my sprite,
 And the mists of dreamland thin,

I awake to thee, though land and sea,
 Ay, though the skies debar,
I awake to the grace of thy visioned face,
 My changeless morning-star.

WHEN IT BEFORTUNES US

WHEN it befortunes us, who love so dearly,
 To hurt each other, let us haste to wring
This joy from our remorseful passioning,—
 The wound is witness that we love sincerely.

So slight a weapon, word or silence merely,
 Would scarce effect surprisal of a sting,
 Were't not my word, thy silence, for we cling
 One soul together. Life allots austere
 Unto the rose of love the thorny power
 To tear the heart, but ah, love's anodyne!
 The prick but proves the presence of the flower,
 Our one white rose from gardens all divine.
 Then, only then, could grief outlast her hour
 Were I ungrieved by least rebuff of thine.

MEASURES

MEASURE grist by the millful,
 Dew by the daffodilful,
 April clouds by the skyful,
 Tears by Ophelia's eyeful;
 Measure leaves by the elmful,
 Slaves by the tyrant's realmful,
 Green-capped gnomes by the hillful,
 Rhymes by Romeo's quillful;
 Measure sweets by the jarful,
 Dreams by the brooding starful,
 Robes by the bridal chestful,
 Songs by Bobolink's breastful,
 Thorns by the rose's stemful,
 Gems by the diademful,
 Gold and dust by the cartful,
 Only love by the heartful.

SAINT VALENTINE'S DILEMMA

HOW shall my love be told?
 The rainbow alchemist
 That turns the sunshine gold
 To green and amethyst;
 A princess in brocade,
 Woods dipped in autumn dyes,
 A holiday parade
 Of tinted butterflies;
 The million-colored blooms
 Whose dainty buds and leaves
 Were wrought in fairy looms
 On sweet midsummer eves;
 The jeweled domes and spires
 That rise with vesper hymn
 Beyond the western fires —
 Are all too dim.

How shall I tell my love?
 The snowflake petals shed
 From happy garths above
 Wherein they blossomèd
 On trees of cloudy grace;
 The frost that decks the pine
 With weft of glittering lace
 In exquisite design;
 The pearl in ocean deeps,
 And lilies half unblown,
 A marble shaft that keeps
 The moonlight watch alone,

Chalcedony, the gleam
 Of angels in their flight,
 These, for my soul's pure dream,
 Are not too white.

O, love misunderstood!
 My song no symbol knows.
 The blush of maidenhood,
 The swarthy tropic rose,
 The lightning flash that rends
 The veil of heaven in twain;
 Pomegranate branch that bends
 With fruit of ruddy stain;
 Coals in the evening grate,
 Whereon who strictly looks
 Sees elves illuminate
 His sealèd spirit-books;
 The fiery hearts that groan
 In seared volcanoes old;
 The sun on flaming throne —
 Are all too cold.

INSECURITY

I DEEMED this ravening grief long since was slain,
 But yestermorn, as I went forth to reap,
 Soft in his covert stirred mine ancient pain
 And rose upon me with a tiger-leap.

SO IT PIERCE THE CRUST

"Surprised with so mortal and strange a pang."

SO it pierce the crust
That obscureth life's core of fire,
Welcome the thrust
Of the terrible Heart's Desire!

Though crucible break,
Shrink not from the alchemist's hour,
When he wills to make
From the shards of thine agony Power.

WERE LOVE BUT TRUE

WERE love but true, no frost would mar the
flowers,

No fatal frost that down the garden bowers
Steals hideously from bloom to blissful bloom,
The shimmering weft of summer's golden loom,
And mocks with blight their radiant, dreamful hours.

Nor would the waste and wreck of orient towers,
Slow-sunken from the reach of sun and showers,

Tax the unfeatured sands for burial room,

Were love but true.

For love is lord of earth's phantasmal powers,
And all that seems with his own fact he dowers.

The shapes of art, the growths of nature's womb,
From love, the one reality, take doom,
And life might laugh at death that overlowers,

Were love but true.

DISILLUSION

IT is when the eyes are aching
 With a passion of unshed tears,
 It is when the heart is breaking
 For the vision that disappears,
 It is when the harsh gate clashes
 On the sweetest hope we know,
 Truth from the darkness flashes,
 And we welcome her even so.

THE VICTORY

THE blue sky at its deepest was pricked by one
 keen star
 That flashed a signal to the moon's uplifted scimitar,
 And, like a quarrel in a dream, we spake with angry
 breath,
 Till in that place of shadows our Love was done to
 death.

God hung the dawn with carmine and pillared it with
 gold
 To welcome in our new Love, the angel of the old.
 With lips still pale from requiems and litanies she came,
 But home-sweet lights were in her eyes,— the same and
 not the same.

All that was mortal of her, the passion, the caprice,
 We had wrapt in cloud-white linen and laid away at
 peace;
 But the living Spirit stood within the temple of the sun,
 Her agony accomplished, her consecration won.

THE WORTH OF LIFE

“**I**F thou tasteth a crust of bread,
 Thou tasteth the stars and the skies.”
 So Paracelsus said,
 Paracelsus the wise.

For the least of beauty that comes
 To the convict watching a cloud,
 The least of love in those homes
 Too poor for cradle or shroud,

Is Beauty transcending dust,
 Is Love that rebukes the beast.
 Let us say a grace for the crust
 That falls from the infinite feast.

THE FELLOWSHIP

WHEN brambles vex me sore and anguish me,
 Then I remember those pale martyr feet
 That trod on burning shares and drank the heat,
 As it had been God's dew, with ecstasy.

And when some evanescent sunset glow
 Renews the beauty-sting, I set my pride
 On that great fellowship of those who know
 The artist's yearning, yet are self-denied.

Feast me no feasts that for the few are spread,
 With holy cup of brotherhood ungraced,
 For though I sicken at my daily bread,
 Bitter and black, I crave the human taste.

THE ETIQUETTE OF THE PALACE

"As I might, I put my trouble from me, for in a King's dwelling was I."—EDDA.

DANCING feet for palace floors
 Of enameled glow;
 Through the carven ivory doors
 Debonairly go;
 Feast it whether the red wine flow
 Sweet or bitter, for we know
 Guests must trust the hand that pours.
 Manners ho!

Knights of rueful countenance
 Gloom the amber hall
 Where in praise of Dame Romance
 Dulcet harpings fall.

Turn your wounds against the wall;
 Cover, when the revels call,
 Bleeding heart with laughing glance,
 Gentles all.

Should your spear in tourney break,
 Be the first to weave
 Garlands for the victor's sake;
 And, at shut of eve,
 If the usher touch your sleeve,
 Gracefully the hint receive.
 Kiss your hand to Life and take
 Courtly leave.

POT-POURRI

BLUSH-COLORED roses
 Droop with the day;
 Melody closes,
 Lips are clay;
 But though beauties depart,
 Their aroma shall be
 Sealed in my heart,
Pot-Pourri.

Humming-bird Joy,
 Thistle-down Love,
 Wisdom the Toy,
 Sorrow the Dove

Fleet unto Death;
 So treasure for me
 Sweet of their breath,
Pot-Pourri.

Life, my garden
 Ambrosial,
 When thy skies harden
 And snowflakes fall,
 Winter shall win a
 Fragrancy,
 Rose-leaves in a
Pot-Pourri.

A PRIVATE

"It is no feather of fancy."

HE once had worn Love's myrtle-wreath,
 And worshipped Art's disdain;
 But he fought his manhood's fight beneath
 The ruddy flag of Pain.

His comrades scaled the splendid heights:
 But for his only deed
 He proved the bullet how it bites,
 The wounds and how they bleed.

No mortal plaudits pay this price;
 No herald here has trod;
 The incense of his sacrifice
 Ascendeth unto God.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

WHO may despise the fallen? Not the soul
 Unproved, outside the warrior fellowship,
 But some pale Michael whom the devil's grip
 Had all but ravished of his aureole.

Are such the scorers? Ah, not they, who know
 The stealthy lures of evil, how the weight
 Of opportunity confederate
 With passion presses to the overthrow.

For sweet Saint Charity is not as one
 Whose lily paces print the garden way
 Of youth and innocence. Her hair is gray;
 There is no sinner she is fit to shun.

THE PROVING OF THE KNIGHT

O HERO-HEART, not thine to yield
 Nor falter on the mortal field,
 However fierce the foemen press.
 In midmost battle's shock and stress
 The hero-heart is best revealed.

Unveil the splendor of thy shield;
 The ancestral sword didst long to wield,
 Swing high, and heaven the charge will bless,
 O Hero-Heart!

Remember how, ere larums pealed
 And squadrons crashed and chargers reeled,
 In dim cathedral's hushed recess
 White-robed, erect, companionless,
 The watch was kept, the vow was sealed,
 O Hero-Heart!

THE PASSER-BY

A WOMAN trod the city street
 And blessed it by her passing feet.
 So calm a step and so serene
 A brow had graced some honored queen
 Within whose crown had long been worn,
 Beneath the gems a bleeding thorn,
 But who upon her queendom stood,
 Above her tortured womanhood,
 And ruled her loyal people well,
 Because she ruled herself. So fell
 This woman's presence on the street,
 Made purer by her passing feet.
 Though humbly clad, her lifted face
 Was lighted by so fine a grace
 Men turned to note the way she took,
 Or met, with conscious, startled look,
 The soul that leaned from out her eyes,
 Intense and pitiful and wise;—
 A wondrous, wistful, solemn gaze,
 To be remembered through the days.

Her name it is not mine to know,
 Nor what strange youth had left her so.
 I know she passed me, while I stood
 Surprised by sense of brotherhood.
 The long street wavered, and I saw
 The beauty of the starry law
 By which each shifting figure moved
 My fellow and my friend beloved.
 And trembling with the sweet, new sense,
 The rapture of benevolence,
 I looked for her whose glance could find
 The secret spring of humankind,
 But she had vanished down the street,
 To bless it by her passing feet.

FACES

I

I HAVE not seen a sterner look than his,
 With harsh variety from fierce to grim.
 What iron years have forged that rugged phiz
 From sometime baby features soft and dim?

II

Men saw the guilt that veiled his heart
 Like mist within a mountain nook,
 But never sunbeam clove apart
 That white and deathly look.

BABY

WHAT is most like her, our baby sweet,
 Strayed from the skies on yester-even,
 So newly come that her dimpled feet
 Still are missed at the gate of Heaven,
 Where the angels kissed them and bade them go.
 What is most like her? Don't you know?

The bud of a rose,— of a moss-rose, fair,
 Flushed and dainty, a folded flower,
 The blossom a woman is fain to wear
 Over the heart. May sun and shower
 Brim her cup to the overflow
 With dewy perfume, if this be so!

Or call her rather a nestling dove
 That fluttered down through the moonlight amber,
 To be brooded under the wings of love
 Here in a hushed and happy chamber.
 May never a stain of our earth below
 Dim her plumage, if this be so!

I liken her unto a pearl,— a pearl
 From seas of trouble. But whist, my numbers!
 What strains are these for our baby-girl,
 Shut like a star in a mist of slumbers?
 They vex her dreams with their tuneless flow.
 She heard the angels a night ago.

THE SECRET

THE blossoms whispered the whole night through.
 Their cups were as full as they could hold
 Of a secret sweet as the honeyed dew.

“What will you give her? and you? and you?”
 Nodding each head as the gift was told,
 The blossoms whispered the whole night through.

Sighed violets twain: “For her eyes of blue
 We die to-night in the moonbeams cold,
 Smiling to Heaven through tears of dew.”

“My pinkest bud is my birthgift true,
 Shy kisses and lisping words to fold,”
 The rosebud whispered the whole night through.

Said a stately lily as ever grew:
 “I yield the loveling a heart of gold;
 White thoughts enshrine it and holy dew!”

O Baby Bud, ere your petals knew
 Earth's lightest blemish, our fragrant-souled,
 The blossoms whispered the whole night through
 Of a secret sweet — as sweet as you.

SLEEPING BESSIE

LIGHTLY tread who come to peep
At the little maiden's sleep.
Let your steps the carpet cross,
Soft as sunshine over moss,
Lest her dream should suffer loss.

Hushed the baby lies, so late
Entered through the crystal gate
That a calm and holy grace,
Borrowed from some blessèd place,
Shineth still within her face.

Lashes laid in slumber meek,
Fringe with gold a tender cheek
Tinted like the dewy sprays
Of the blossomed peach, whose praise
Floods the robin's roundelays.

And as if a white-rose tree
Dropped its daintiest petal, see
How the dimpled hand gleams fair
Through the ripples of her hair,
Clasped by angels unaware.

Who shall sing her cradle-song?
Silver streams would do her wrong;
Whispering leaves are over rude,
And the twitter in the wood
From the linnet's nestling brood.

Flowers we shed, in lieu of speech,
 With a blessing shut in each,
 Culled at dawn from emerald dells,
 Where the wild bee longest dwells,
 Cradled deep in honey bells.

Strew the sweets above her rest,
 Only hearts-ease on the breast,
 By our potent sylvan art
 Charming thus the budding heart
 From all thorny sting and smart.

On the blue eyes, curtained fast,
 Blue forget-me-nots we cast.
 Mayflowers pink we scatter free
 O'er the feet. On hill and lea
 Fragrant may their treading be!

Nay; but here there bendeth one
 Doth out-bless our benison.
 Deepest love is purest prayer,
 Mounting high the starry stair
 To the Love beyond compare.

See! she stirs. The dimple dips
 All about the drowsy lips.
 Bonny dreams blue eyes beguile
 Not so well but mother's smile
 Shall to waking reconcile.

LITTLE KATHARINE

BABY Land is Beauty Land.
 (Kiss brow and chin!)
 Watch the pictures that she paints
 For happy kith and kin,
 — Shifting sunshine on the hair,
 Rose-tint in the skin,
 And sweetest hesitating curves
 Where the smiles begin.
 Such a fireside Raphael is
 Little Katharine.

Love Land and Baby Land!
 (Who may kisses win?)
 Everywhere her blue eyes glance,
 Waits a paladin.
 All her world is tender-toned,
 Hurt and comfort twin.
 Treasures seek the tiny hands
 That neither toil nor spin.
 Softly home encompasses
 Little Katharine.

Baby Land is Holy Land,
 (Kiss a blessing in!)
 — Just a baby's step beyond
 God our Origin.
 So lightly draws the cloud between,
 Lily cloud and thin,

Undarkened yet by rain of grief
 And stormy gusts of sin,
 She hardly knows she's out of heaven,
 Little Katharine.

WATCHING THE WEDDING

WHO can tell me where I'm going,
 Tell a little maid like me,
 With her fingers worn for sewing,
 But her soul as full of glee
 As of scented, blushing blossoms yonder twisted apple
 tree?

For perchance my life is twisted
 Out of shape in so much thread;
 I was never firmly-wristed,
 With a steady back and head,
 And you taste so many stitches in a single loaf of bread.

And by eve my arms grow tired,
 Underneath their level stare,
 Shaping folds to be admired
 On these ladies, who are fair.
 Would we look so white, I wonder, if we had such silks
 to wear?

For to serve another's beauty
 All the days when you are young,
 And to do a mirror's duty,

With the ever-praising tongue;
— Would you rather sing, red robin, or like sometimes
to be sung?

I forget — to stain with sorrow
This clear-colored holiday.
Yesterday and the to-morrow
Have no robin on their spray.
Can you tell me where I'm going, winding down the
woodland way?

No, Sir Squirrel, you've no notion,
With your arching tail a-swell.
You may make a fine commotion
In the branches where you dwell.
You may chatter till the nuts fall. I can keep my
secret well.

Holding back these saplings pliant,
I can catch an odor sweet;
I can see my rock, the giant,
Crouching in the noonday heat,
With the last pale Mayflowers dying clustered round
his shaggy feet.

How my forest-thoughts are jumbled
With the cambric shred and scrap,
And my work-box overtumbled,
Needles scattered as may hap,
Like these fallen, brown pine-needles, five sharp heads
in one tall cap.

Oh, but now the leaves are parting,
 And I reach the bridge at last,
 With the white waves under-darting,
 That so still and these so fast;
 If I were the bridge, I would not like to be forever
 passed.

And above there is the highway,
 And beyond there is the church.
 They will not be looking my way,
 Even if this friendly birch
 Did not shield me as completely as a bird upon her
 perch.

Little dreameth she who lingers
 Here, and thou — thou dreamest less,
 Bonny bridegroom, what small fingers
 Wrought thy lady's wedding-dress,
 Who the mysteries might whisper of that bridal love-
 liness.

I may laugh — 'tis close and shady,—
 Workmanship will have its pride,
 And I fashioned yon fair lady,
 Sewing stitches in my side.
 Youth is good and love is better, but the satin makes
 the bride.

Now they come. I hear the voices,
 And the merry church-bells ring,
 While the very wood rejoices,
 For the birds fly up to sing.
 Hush! to weep upon their coming were a wicked wel-
 coming.

I will shape my lips to kindness,
 Smiling on them, ere they go.
 It were sudden cure for blindness
 To behold them pacing so,
 She with modest, drooping lashes, he with eager looks
 aglow.

Bonny bridegroom, art thou idle
 In my craft, when all is said?
 Dost thou weave no raiment bridal
 For the lady thou shalt wed?
 Dost thou shape her true-love vesture, sewing with a
 golden thread?

Prithee, brother artist, speed me
 With a little of thy skill,
 For I fear thou dost exceed me,
 And my labor shows but ill.
 Yet — oh, shame if thy seam parteth, while my dull
 thread holdeth still!

So I praise a shining treasure
 If no nearer than a star;
 So I steal a bitter pleasure,
 Watching weddings from afar;
 But before the little seamstress long and dim the path-
 ways are.

Nay! my robin is turned raven,
 And his wings are feathered wrong.
 Certes, he is but a craven,
 Who would sing me such a song.
 I will run again and seek him. I will search the lane
 along.

I may find my fate's redressing;
 I may meet a crooked witch,
 Or a statue, white with blessing,
 Wandered from its Roman niche,
 Or a folded bud to blossom even while I sit and stitch.

A MOUNTAIN SOUL

A MOUNTAIN soul, she shines in crystal air
 Above the smokes and clamors of the town.
 Her pure, majestic brows serenely wear
 The stars for crown.

The buzzing wings of folly, slander, spite,
 Fall frozen in her alien atmosphere.
 Her heart's at home with sunrise and with night
 As neighbors dear

Who tell her ancient tales of time and law,
 The miracle of love breathed into dust,
 Until her sweet gray eyes are brimmed with awe
 And steadfast trust.

Remote she dwells 'mid her celestial kin,
 Rainbow and Moon and Cloud, yet none the less
 Full many a weak earth-creature shelters in
 Her friendliness.

She comrades with the child, the bird, the fern,
 Poet and sage and rustic chimney-nook,
 But Pomp must be a pilgrim ere he earn
 Her mountain look,

— Her mountain look, the candor of the snow,
The strength of folded granite, and the calm
Of choiring pines whose swayed green branches strow
A healing balm.

Oft as the psalmist lifted up his eyes
Unto the hills about Jerusalem,
Did not God's glory with a new surprise
Transfigure them?

That royal harper, passionate for rest,
Held one still summit dearest to his dream,
But only to the golden chords confessed
Its hour supreme.

For lovely is a mountain rosy-lit
With dawn, or steeped in sunshine, azure-hot,
But loveliest when shadows traverse it,
And stain it not.

And thee, marmoreal, hyaline, apart,
The plumed procession of the storms, the wool
Of mantling snows but render, Alpine Heart,
Most beautiful.

REST

THE banners of the sunset are too bright;
Fairer the after-hour
When all the sky is flushed by fainter light
To a mysterious flower.

These robin troubadours are shrill as pain ;
 Sweeter the vespers where
 Some thistle-bird lets slip a drowsy strain
 Soft as a baby's prayer.

Let Aspiration fold her wings to-night,
 Those shining wings forspent,
 And sit with Peace before the ember-light
 In sisterly content.
 Let Love be gentle as old friendliness,
 Nor Sorrow overmuch
 Perturb the heart, that knows like a caress
 Her long-accustomed touch.

SPIRITS OF FLAME

SHINING, stinging spirits of flame to whom in the
 moment's meeting
 Leap our souls, surprised by God in the daily com-
 monplace,
 Spirits that cleave our mortal through with swift,
 celestial greeting,
 Angel spirits that from the throng flash out on us,
 face to face!

Eyes that blunt the swords of the world, where we fight
 under mist and glamour ;
 Tones that fall with a silver sound as of far, supernal
 chime

Melting into its harmony the cry, the curse and the
clamor;
Drops of eternity upon the craving thirst of time!

Only a word, and ye go your ways, for the errand
burns within you,
Votaries of the Voice that calls and speeding torches of
The Light that when the stars are drift of ashes shall
continue;
Only for us to anoint your feet with the spikenard of
our love.

Rosewhite, holy spirits of flame that the heart's deep
chambers cherish,
Ye who fade from the sight to glow like sunrise upon
the dream,
Ye whose splendor shrivels the earth ere the day it is
doomed to perish,
Our souls leap up in your glance of fire to bless you,
gleam to gleam.

VII

AZRAEL

OF all the angels whose melodious breath
The Sapphire Throne with praise encompasseth,
Amid that rainbow-plumed, ecstatic choir
Most beautiful art thou, benignant Death:

For we who dwell beneath this cloudy tent
Some changing years, are all too early spent
By covert griefs that fret the heart like fire,
Our staffs soon broken and our sandals rent.

Though sweet the grace of moon-enchanted night,
And day in blue serenities of light,
Matched with the joys of sense, our souls rise higher,
And tears may shut the sparkling stars from sight.

But soon, ah, soon the touch of thy chill palm
Falls on the fevered heart like healing balm,
And fitful bliss, keen anguish, wild desire,
Lie hushed together in most holy calm.

What though thy cup, with dark devices chased,
Strike pallor down the lip, to mortal taste
So passing bitter with the Stygian mire
And nightshade plucked on sad Cimmerian waste?

What though thou comest all in shadow stoled?
 Are there not instants when that sable fold,
 Blown by the flame of the funereal pyre,
 Emits a gleam of bright, celestial gold?

Gloom-mantled herald of the light to be,
 Thy dusky wings that spread from sea to sea
 Hide us from evil, and thy sword, though dire
 The sweeping blade, sets sorrow's captives free.

Of all the angels whose melodious breath
 The Sapphire Throne with praise encompasseth,
 Amid that rainbow-plumed, ecstatic choir
 Most beautiful art thou, benignant Death.

THE GATES OF DEATH

MARMOREAL, impregnable,
 Immutable, we bear
 The searching shafts of human thought,
 The onset of despair.
 The indistinguishable cell
 Of spirit and of brain
 Through all the centuries has fought
 Its puny fight in vain.

The pageant of humanity
 Dissolves as on it falls
 The shadow of our bulwarks dense,
 Our unrevealing walls.

Its starcraft is but vanity.
 Its aspen faith but blows
 In winds whose whither and whose whence
 No mind of mortal knows.

Yet is there one strong battle-lord
 Who still the day retrieves.
 Ashes and dust are infidel;
 His very life believes.
Forever is his only word.
 Breath is incredulous,
 But Love, undaunted, terrible,
 Demands his own of us.

IMMORTALITY

THE Angel of the Sun
 Had spread a wing of flame
 Athwart the orient sky;
 Then grew my spirit one
 With Beauty and became
 A Joy that could not die.

At some far torch of gold
 The shining soul was lit
 And claims celestial kin.
 Shadows its house enfold,
 But are not one with it.
 The splendor bides within.

Sorrow and vain desire
 Are drifts of darkness gone
 Upon the ebb of night.
 Spark of the primal fire,
 Bliss wakens with the dawn,
 Light answering to light.

“THE REST IS SILENCE”

I

THE shadow of Death's wing had fallen grey
 Upon her face, the mother-face, our star
 Of home since life first read its calendar
 Within her smiles; we felt her slip away,
 Our vain hold clinging to an empty clay,
 Down that hushed valley where the white mists are,
 On to its utmost verge, so far, so far
 That her return was but as spirits may
 Briefly revisit earth. For oh, she shone
 Transfigured, yet so winsome, that our awe
 Was blended with her own beatitude.
 The burden of her fourscore years was gone;
 Escaped from Time, she mocked his mighty law;
 Her children looked upon her maidenhood.

II

Eager and shy, as when among her peers
 A girl will pour her confidence, she told
 In voice where laughter ran a thread of gold
 A history all novel to our ears.

Her blissful eyes oblivious of tears,
 With lingering touch she one by one unrolled
 Her bridal memories from fold on fold
 Of fragrant silence. Dead these fifty years
 Was he with whom, young hand in hand, she went
 To their first home, which simple neighbor-folk
 Had filled with garden-bloom and forest scent;
 Yet still of him, and that June path they fared,
 Those welcoming flowers, her failing accents spoke;
 — Of how Love led her to a place prepared.

III

When the bruised heart, bewildered first and numb,
 Quickened to pain, how passing strange it seemed
 To miss her comfort! She, who still esteemed
 Old lore above the schools, would she not come
 With potency of hoarded balsamum,
 To heal the hurt? Thus craving her, I dreamed.
 Before me, sundering east from west, there gleamed
 A marble wall, illimitable, dumb,
 A blank of white! when lo, her own sweet face,
 With no more halo than the crispy lace
 I knew so well, from sudden casement smiled,
 — Her blithe, audacious self, infringing so
 With stolen peep Death's new punctilio,
 Breaking his code to reassure her child.

THE PASSING SOUL

THE passing soul yearns forth from wistful eyes,
 Whose solemn gaze is more than mortal-wise,
 On death; and we who in the earthways fair
 Held with her pace for pace — we may not share
 That incommunicable, far surprise.

Yet must our grief-bewildered hearts surmise
 How, with those slow-drawn, laboring, dying sighs
 Time ebbs away, and yields to heavenly care
 The passing soul.

Our sorrow wanes from her, our living guise
 Is dreamlike. Hushed in God's own hand she lies.
 Deep in the valley of the shadow, there
 His rod and staff they comfort her. We bear
 The bitterness of death, but softly flies
 The passing soul.

UNDER THE SNOWS

UNDER the drifted snows, with weeping and holy
 rite,
 For a little maid's repose let the lonely bed be dight.
 Cold is the cradle cover our pitiful hands fold over
 The heart that had won repose or ever it knew delight.

High are the heavens and steep to us who would enter in
 By the fasts that our faint hearts keep and the thorn-
 set crowns we win.

Sweetly the child awaketh, brightly the day-dawn
breaketh
On the eyes that fell asleep or ever they looked on sin.

GLISTEN THE MARBLES TALL

GLISTEN the marbles tall,
Blossoms the sweet white rose.
When will God's angel call
The dead from their long repose?
Morning climbs in the sky,
Thrushes are building nigh;
Silent the sleepers lie
Under the bloom and snows.

Earthward the marbles fall,
Withers the sweet white rose.
When will God's angel call
The dead from their long repose?
Suns dip low in the west,
Thrushes forsake their nest;
Silent the sleepers rest
Under the bloom and snows.

CREMATION

LET the fires be swift, not slow.
In the terror of the glow
Let the awful change be wrought
Till the flesh is light as thought.

Will the spirit not pause and wait
For her wonted faring-mate
If it follows as pale motes may
Up the slanting sunbeam way ;

If it drifts as ashes might
On the fragrances of night,
By that one white breath of heat
Shriven to pure and sweet?

THE FAR JOURNEY

A RUDDY moon through winter skies
Was slowly climbing up,
That night she turned her lips from ours
To drain the stirrup cup.

She whom the tender household care
Encompassed day by day,
With only God for company
Went the uncharted way.

Beyond all hail of human voice,
All hold of mortal hand,
Across the Perilous Stream she passed
To the Adventurous Land.

For when our strength that lifted her
Along life's quiet length
Turned suddenly to weakness, then
Her weakness turned to strength.

And still we muse on it, how she,
 So timid and so shy,
 Our little Stay-at-Home, should find
 Temerity to die.

SAINT MARTHA

IS that sublime translation hers,
 Lifting beyond our look
 The small, gray figure sitting
 In the chimney-nook?

Golden harps and dulcimers,
 What should she do with these?
 I see her with her knitting
 Dropt upon her knees;

About her feet her pussy purrs;
 — But no! with eyes grown dim
 Come the friends and neighbors
 To chant her passing-hymn:

“Meet Thou all lonely travellers
 And lead them, Christ our Lord,
 From the familiar labors
 Unto the strange reward.”

Our grief has taxed the gardeners.
 She lies in such array
 Of roses and of lilies
 As for a bridal day.

Do these late honors Death confers
Abash her humbleness?
Her heart — ah me! — too still is;
Her calm brows acquiesce.

O when those mystic barriers
Our Maries pass, we dream
That in some fair Elysian
Their thirst has found the Stream;

But the Marthas are our cottagers
Who make our fireside bliss.
The Beatific Vision —
She never talked of this.

On that white fact the bier avers
Our restless question beats,
In world-old wistful fashion,
Unbroken by defeats:

Is common life that ministers
The earthly bread and wine,
This, too, the Holy Passion,
The fugitive Divine?

A sudden mist our seeing blurs,
Such sacramental grace
Hath poured its revelation
Into that patient face;

And neighbor-hand toward neighbor stirs,
 Her sainthood to confess
 By love's own consecration,
 Memorial kindliness.

IF WE COULD TELL

IF we could tell this dog of ours, this dog who loved
 you so,

That you have journeyed from us by the road which
 keeps no tread,

No bending of the asphodels, no print upon the snow,
 Perchance your voice might reach us from the dead.

If knowledge cast in human speech could answer his
 surprise,

His trouble at your silent door by bark and bound
 unstirred,

The question yearning up to us from brown, beseech-
 ing eyes,

We, too, might comprehend celestial word.

But untranslatable to him remains our little lore,

And incommunicable unto us of earth-bound brain

The crystal tides of wisdom your compassion longs to
 pour

Upon our pleading and bewildered pain.

LADDIE

LOWLY the soul that waits
At the white, celestial gates,
A threshold soul to greet
Belovèd feet.

Down the streets that are beams of sun
Cherubim children run;
They welcome it from the wall;
Their voices call.

But the Warder saith: "Nay, this
Is the City of Holy Bliss.
What claim canst thou make good
To angelhood?"

"Joy," answereth it from eyes
That are amber ecstasies,
Listening, alert, elate,
Before the gate.

*Oh, how the frolic feet
On lonely memory beat!
What rapture in a run
'Twixt snow and sun!*

"Nay, brother of the sod,
What part hast thou in God?
What spirit art thou of?"
It answers: "Love,"

Lifting its head, no less
Cajoling a caress,
Our winsome collie wraith,
Than in glad faith

The door will open wide,
Or kind voice bid: "Abide,
A threshold soul to greet
The longed-for feet."

*Ah, Keeper of the Portal,
If Love be not immortal,
If Joy be not divine,
What prayer is mine?*

"SHORT DAY AND LONG REMEMBRANCE"

I

OUR Wellesley knew thee but a few swift years,
A maiden spirit, fresh as morning skies,
Pale beauty of the face and frank young eyes
With privacies of tenderness and tears.
Half shy, half proud amid thy clustering peers
Thou borest thee in queenly lily wise,
Yet swaying toward them in a sweet surprise
Of love and faith — prophetic atmospheres.

For summer shone, and goldenly thine heart
 Bloomed into bliss, but now — oh, strange, new ache
 That makes itself familiar — now thou art
 A broken lily, all untimely dimmed,
 A broken lily, for whose vanished sake
 Our speech is faint, our eyes are overbrimmed.

II

There is a life outwearing even grief.
 Our shining lily, of the sunbeams fain,
 Smit by a sudden vehemence of rain
 Is dashed to earth with ruined cup and leaf;
 But Death, her troubler, holds his mortal fief
 Of Love the overlord, whose meads retain
 A perfume sweeter for the bruise and stain,
 Abiding fragrance of a blossom brief.
 Transplanted, be it so, to gardens bright,
 Where drooping lilies, sprent with honey-dew,
 By angel touches wax more dazzling white
 Than eye conceives beneath this baffling blue,
 At least remains to us of shadowed sight
 Thy folding effluence of fair and true.

III

God pity all whose hearts are anguish-torn
 For loss of her, but softest mercies flow
 On these, her little ones, who cannot know
 What cause their baby voices have to mourn.

In vain their fitful cries pursue her borne
 From rooms belovèd, yet content to go,
 Sealed in that ivory trance from joy and woe,
 Her bridal raiment now serenely worn.
 Too young for memory, too young to miss
 Her cherishments, and yet it may not be
 As they had never felt the mother-kiss,
 Nor reached their wandering hands to catch her smile;
 But, haply, dreamland keeps some charmed isle
 Where love shall brood them safe from storm and sea.

HEART'S DESIRE

O H, what delights had we to hold her here,
 Most liberal hands would not be shamed to place
 Beside the gifts of Death? Her glad New Year
 Hath ample grace
 All blessing to embrace.

Is learning good? Truth dwells beyond the stars,
 Imparadised in beauty. Love is fair?
 If fair on earth, where stormy sorrow mars,
 How blooms it there,
 Within Heaven's halcyon air!

The voyage unventured? While these shallows whelm
 Our shore-bound barques, where charts but ill agree
 And aspen wills work folly with the helm,
 The ocean free
 Tides on her argosy.

'Twas life she craved. What frees that harassed fire
 From cumbrance of the clay, save Death's defeat
 In victory? She hath her heart's desire,
 And life is sweet,
 Thrilled to diviner heat.

“WHOM THE GODS LOVE, DIE YOUNG”

LOVE that seeth best through tears,
 Love by holy sorrow shriven,
 Knows that length of living years
 Could not give what Death has given.

What is fair, the seasons fret;
 What is strong, like glass is shivered;
 But immortal youth is set
 On her brows from care delivered.

Blithe by fragrant ways she trod
 Up the hill her loss leaves arid;
 Where the summit touches God,
 Slipped her sandals off and tarried.

Life full-blossomed into bliss,
 Every hurt with love to heal it,
 — Time, too poor for bettering this,
 Bade his brother-angel seal it.

CLARA

A SOUL of sunbeams and wind,
So pure from the gates of birth,
That how could we hope to bind
That winged, ethereal mind
To a perishing form of earth?

She quivered within its hold,
Yet we loved her, ah, so well,
That we thought our love might fold
Her spirit against the cold
Of this clime wherein we dwell;

But still through our tenderest word,
Through the ocean's murmurous tone,
Through the song of our sweetest bird,
She listened and ever heard
A music beyond our own.

The shadow troubled her sore
That holdeth our mortal eyes;
We weep, for forevermore
The vision of that dim shore
In beauty before her lies;

For the voice grew clear in her ears,
While she gladdened our daily sight;
The shadow slipt from the years;
She vanished amid our tears
And fled out into the light.

A soul of sunbeams and wind,
 A spirit of radiant mirth,
 A heart that thrilled to its kind,
 A life with our lives entwined,
 An ecstasy fled from earth.

We meet our loss as we may ;
 We turn to our toils again ;
 But a glory has passed from the day,
 And all that we think or say
 Bears a hidden sense of pain.

Yet we look on time's swift stream
 No more with a faithless eye,
 Nor of life and death can deem
 That the sleep forgets the dream,
 Who have seen our dear one die.

From the cloudland whither she passed,
 Where her passing left a rift,
 A fugitive gleam is cast
 On our path, and we hold it fast,
 As we treasure her latest gift.

WATCH AND WARD

WATCH and ward of the oak-boughs, storm-
 writhen, muscular,
 Flushing her grave with compassionate strewnments
 of May,
 Screening it close with the summer's green curtains
 crepuscular,
 Sifting the storms of December to feathery spray.

Watch and ward of the memories, tender, imperious,
Preciously folding from din and defilement apart,
Fragrantly veiling in tremulous twilights mysterious
An asphodel nook 'mid the tempests and drought of
the heart.

ONLY A YEAR

ONLY a year, but how art thou exalted
In that remoteness of unanswering death!
Not words could utter what thy silence saith,
For oft in fellowship thy words we faulted,
Pointing how here and there the logic halted;
But now that God hath hushed the laboring breath,
Thy silence all thy words interpreteth,
Serene, majestic silence o'er us vaulted
As the blue arch of sky. Only a year,
And thou, who wast familiar, art become
A name of awe. What ranked as commonplace,
Mere daily running of the daily race,
Is waxen to heroic. Life is dumb
And waits on Death to make her meanings clear.

THE TESTIMONY

OUR artist-spirit, whose desirous hand
Duty had bound to alien labors sore,
Was slipping from us toward the mystic land,
— Our martyr, who had ever hungered more,

In a dumb pain, for beauty than for bread;
 And we, who owed to him the finer grace
 Of daily life, stood calmed and comforted
 Before the revelation of his face.

Surely earth's bright-hued vision,— melting fawn
 Of sunset, the autumnal flush and gold,
 Translucent summer green, rose-misted dawn,
 Sea-blues and sky-blues, colors manifold
 So long beloved, on memory glimmering still,
 Into celestial glory softly went;
 For what but perfect beauty so could fill
 His fading eyes with infinite content?

SUNSET SONG

AT shut of day we loved to stray,
 Too long ago, too long ago,
 Beside the lake whose limpid breast
 Flashed back the jewel-hearted west;
 And clear your silver voice would thrill
 The haunted twilight, hailing still
 New miracles of tint and glow.

Now when I muse horizon hues
 At eventide, at eventide,
 There steals through hush of weary brain
 A wonder in a wistful pain;
 To dark eyes brimmed with poet light,
 Remembered eyes, how looks to-night
 The sunset from the heavenly side?

YESTERDAY'S GRIEF

THE rain that fell a yesterday is ruby on the roses,
 Silver on the poplar-leaf and gold on willow-stem;
 The grief that chanced a yesterday is silence that en-
 closes
 Holy loves where time and change shall never trouble
 them.

The rain that fell a yesterday makes all the hillside
 glisten,
 Coral on the laurel and beryl on the grass;
 The grief that chanced a yesterday has taught the soul
 to listen
 For whispers of eternity in all the winds that pass.

O faint-of-heart, storm-beaten, this rain will gleam to-
 morrow
 Flame within the columbine and jewels on the thorn,
 Heaven in the forget-me-not; though sorrow now be
 sorrow,
 Yet sorrow shall be beauty in the magic of the morn.

THE FUNERAL OF PHILLIPS BROOKS

I

WHITE lies the winter on the weary land,
 Winter of many a loss and many a grief;
 Yet must this burial day be counted chief
 Of sorrows and most sore to understand;

For God hath laid the lightning of His hand
 On His own signal tower, for all too brief
 A date outsoaring mists of unbelief
 To drink the living blue, a beacon grand.
 But whilst the desolate throng without the portal
 Of solemn Trinity in silence waits,
 As listening for the beat of passing wing,
 To view that clay which harbored an immortal,
 Down the bleak air a tender breath of spring
 Steals like a waft from Heaven's glad-opening gates.

II

Within the beauteous walls again too strait
 For the wistful flocks who mourn their shepherd
 gone,—
 Since here all creeds one shining garment don,
 One seamless robe,—our heavy spirits wait
 On the old Hebraic anthem passionate
 And fall of hallowed words that bear upon
 Their cadences strange consolation won
 From centuries of faith reverberate.
 But oh, the empty pulpit eloquent
 Of death, the sable pulpit over all!
 Yet even here is soul with flesh at strife;
 For wise and tender was the hand that lent
 A glowing wreath to that funereal pall,—
 Against the gloom the exultant flush of life.

III

“For all the saints who from their labors rest”—

White gleam the lilies on the lifted bier,
 As reverently the youthful bearers rear
 Their sad, belovèd burden, pacing west,
 Whilst all that host, as from a single breast,
 One voice of praise outringing sweet and clear,
 Peals the triumphal chant he loved to hear:
 “Thy name, O Jesu, be forever blest.”

Ah, turn and watch the pageantry of woe
 Out through the darkened door. The glory-hymn
 Wavers a space, but swells again, for lo!
 The dismal pomp of death, the mourners slow,
 The shrouded casket on the vision dim,
 That gleam of Easter lilies dazzles so.

IV

The train wends outward, where new thousands wait
 Beneath an ampler temple-arch of sky,
 To speed with murmurous prayer and paean high
 The royal progress of that sombre state;
 On through the streets to sorrow consecrate;
 On where thy sons, hushed Harvard, gather nigh,
 To glean a blessing from the passing by;
 And so to Auburn's unrestoring gate.
 Is this thy victory, Death? Not thine, not thine,
 Howe'er to grief we grant her natural throes.
 He prophesied of life; we asked a sign,
 So little mortals know for what they pray,
 And by his open grave amid the snows
 A chastened city keeps her Easter day.

LOYAL TO THE TRUTH

In memory of Carla Wenckebach

HER brave, laborious, joy-illuminated days
 Made up a rosary that saints might tell.
 The child-heart in her, loving life, gave praise
 Unto the Lord of Life; and all is well:

For should she speak a broken speech above,
 A little foreigner, unused to wings,
 The angels will but stoop with swifter love
 To answer all her eager questionings.

O loyal to the Truth, we of the quest
 Salute thee, scholar-soul; our reverence lay
 Before thy steadfast patience, quenchless zest,
 And bid thee Godspeed on thy lonely way.

A SUNSET PARABLE

In memory of Alice Gordon Gulick

BEHOLD the drooping clouds, yon pallid strips
 Above the purple hills, at evening hush
 Are flooded with a sudden roseate gush
 Of splendor from the sinking sun, that dips
 Even now below our mortal ken and slips
 To his appointed rest,—a wondrous rush
 Of some bright ecstasy, some refluent flush
 Of triumph, some divine apocalypse.

So as the shadows of our sorrow bend
 Above the setting of that life whose course
 Illumined darkness to its utmost goal,
 Through our grey grief may such fine flame ascend,
 Such glowing benediction from the force
 Of that celestial fire, her martyr-soul.

THE WHITE PINNACE

In memory of Mary Sheldon Barnes

"And nowe being here mored in Port Desire."

HO, the White Pinnacle! the foam-white Pinnacle!
 Blithe and free as the sea-gull's wing!
 A-leap to discover the dim seas over
 Lovelier lands than the poets sing.

Ho, the White Pinnacle! the joy-bright Pinnacle!
 The blue wave creams at her eager blow.
 'Tis well with the sail that hears her hail
 And sees her pass like a flight of snow.

Ho, the White Pinnacle! the dove-white Pinnacle!
 Tender for rock and fragile for gale!
 Her Indies rise where to mortal eyes
 Is only the mid-sea moonshine pale.

Ah, the White Pinnacle! the moonlight Pinnacle!
 Trembling from view in that strange white fire!
 Yet mariners know, where God's tides flow,
 And only there, lies Port Desire.

THE SACRIFICE

(Dr. William Jones: Indian Ethnologist slain in the Philippines.)

O LOSS! O splendor! Thou, the "White Squaw's
Son,"

Bred in the blanket, boyhood wild as wind,
Giving, our learning's highest honors won,
Thy gallant life for victories of mind!

Thy tribal kin, to whom thine heart was true
As sun to earth, are proud their brave should die
A glorious war-death, but among them who
Can comprehend thy holy battle-cry?

The votary of Science, it was thine
By subtle sympathies of blood to scan
Mysterious movings of the dim Divine
Ascending slowly through the brute to man.

None knew so well the perils of thy quest,
As in those fatal isles, from year to year,
Thou wert of savages the gentle guest,
Plying thy task too busily for fear.

O rare young scholar, such as thwarted Time
May hardly mould again, what records sum
Thy daily courage carelessly sublime,
Thy magnanimity of martyrdom!

OUR LADY OF PITY

(Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward)

SMILING came she up to Zion as by path well known
to her,

Known in longing dreams and visions, traced by sor-
row's questing heart;

Smiling as familiar fragrance on the wind was blown
to her

From the gardens of her childhood, clover-field and
haying-cart;

Smiling as beneath the golden chant of stars that sang
for her,

Lost, belovèd voices called her by old, teasing, tender
names;

But she turned her from the city, though the joy-bells
rang for her,

Though the jacinth, sard and jasper beckoned her like
rosy flames.

All the way she travelled knew her, blossoming its
gratitude

As she sought the stellar outlands, far frontier of Par-
adise,

Where the meekest of earth's martyrs find a dim beati-
tude,

Beasts that for our human welfare paid their suffering
as price.

How they flock to her caresses, how her tones are sweet
to them,
How their innocence, smitten, bruised, tormented,
thrown at last
To the bullring and the clinic, hears dear pity beat for
them
In the heart that holds them holy for their anguish
overpast!

Every wounded wilding spirit lifteth gentle gaze to her,
Saints too simple for forgiveness, only seeking leave
to love;
Shot-torn birds with broken plumage carol blissful
praise to her,
And God's grace descends upon her in the likeness of a
dove.

THRENODY

(For Sophie Jewett)

I

KEEPING the lonely watch for thee, for thee
 Whose year's novitiate of Paradise
 To all our longing is but mystery,
 I saw a silver dawn. The sacrifice
 Glowed from a cloud-veiled altar, while there fled
 A troop of white, adoring lustres by,
 So fair, so fain, that mortal grief retreated
 As an intruder on that orient sky;
 And joy came thrilling through the morning's breath,
 Perchance a greeting from thy bliss of death.

II

If it be slumber as we saw thee sleep,
 Flushed with the loveliness of life, but blest
 From pain and sorrow, sinking still more deep
 Into some soft profound of utter rest;
 A slumber mystical as this entrancing
 Forevermore in crystal, hid repose
 The face from which a thousand lights went glancing,
 Swift hands so quiet 'neath their faded rose,
 By all the nights we have found slumber sweet,
 Shall we not trust that dove-winged Paraclete?

III

Thou art not of the shadows, ah, not thou,
 Our Dryad soul, the soul of April woods
 Where flames of color, caught from bough to bough,
 And winds of fragrance blend beatitudes.
 Not in the withered groves whose phantoms follow
 Like drifted leaves the feet of Proserpine,
 Not in the whispering midnights dim and hollow,
 Shall love re-capture that lost grace of thine;
 Beauty and light are with thee where thou art;
 We grope thy pathway by the haunted heart.

IV

If death be life, again the vibrant stress
 Of joy and hope, wonder and love and dream,
 An ecstasy more poignant, yet no less
 A beat of baffled wings, a fading gleam;
 The urge of the Eternal through a higher
 Rapture of being, thou who lovedst so
 This earth-adventure, thou whose last desire
 Yearned toward thine Italy, dost thou not go
 With shining steps to find that fairer star,
 Blithe of the journey as God's pilgrims are?

V

On golden streets I cannot hear thy tread,
 Nor deem how tenderest touch, albeit divine,
 May wipe away the tears which still were shed,
 Our Pitiful, for every woe but thine.

Nay, is it sweeter, Dear, that hidden manna,
 Than was our daily bread to thee, to thee
 Whose voice must falter in the glad hosanna,
 While the Four Angels hurt the earth and sea?
 Draw near St. Francis till the doom is done
 Of that fourth trumpet darkening Brother Sun.

VI

Thy crown of life, resplendent with the sheen
 Of clustered stars or rainbow though it be,
 Wouldst thou not change for woven one of green
 Plucked from the branches of that holy tree
 Whose leaves are for the healing of the nations?
 Dost thou not watch from heaven's untroubled height
 With wistful eyes thy restless earth's mutations,
 Its colored day, its blur and blot of night,
 Till God hath smiled thee forth with Raphael
 To minister once more where mortals dwell?

VII

If death hath done its worst,— annulled the soul;
 If thou art vanished like a bubble, blown
 To praise the light one instant; if the goal
 Of all our striving is oblivion;
 Alas, our thrush, can happiness be wrested
 From love so smitten desolate,— can they,
 The summer boughs wherein thy music nested,
 Be glad of song when song is flown away?
 Can stormy wind and hail, that slay the bird,
 Fulfil in us His great, exultant word?

VIII

Perchance not God Himself can slay the soul
 That is Himself in myriad avatar ;
 Disguised in dust, we wear the aureole
 Of His divinity ; in Him we are.
 When by His thunder-stroke the veil was riven,
 This glamour of the senses we misname,
 Didst thou, O spirit from His splendor given,
 Ray of His glory, meet Him in the flame?
 Even while we keep this dream of sky and sod,
 Are we not with thee in the heart of God?

IX

The book of death, though sealed with seven seals,
 Is in the hand of Him upon the throne,
 And as a father with his children deals,
 So the All-Father pitieth His own.
 Yea, peradventure as a father covers
 Some rare surprisal till the gift-dawn be,
 The silent cloud that o'er our pathway hovers
 Shieldeth strange joy, familiar now to thee,
 To thee, our fleet forerunner, who hast made
 Nearness of distance, radiance of shade.

VIII

THE WANDER-YEAR

To C. H.

I BRING my gift as children bring a shell,
A weed, a pebble, from their hour of play,—
Poor hoardings, save as these to memory tell
The golden chronicle of holiday

SWITZERLAND

I

The Welcome

From dawn to dusk across rich plains, broad streams,
Into an eerie land of towering dome
And peak, as on the misty map of dreams,
Until your face smiled out and made it home.

II

Vevey

Our Vevey, shield of patriot refugees,
Holy, and yet so gay,— her dainty sandals
Teasing Lake Lemman, while her poplar trees
Were glorified to sacramental candles.

III

The Alpine Glow

Beyond those shining poplars and the hush
Of azure waves, when sunset flamed the west,
How solemnly the heights would wait their flush,
Like shriven spirits standing to be blest!

IV

The Defile of St. Maurice

Dearest of all we loved that orient portal
At the lake's end, her triple-mountain door.
The heavenly gate, transfiguring our mortal
To light of light, could hardly glisten more.

V

Evening on the Balcony

With fall of dusk, how strange our summits grew,
Dim, ghostly shapes, caprices of the mist,
Until the stars stole softly from the blue
To keep their immemorial Alpine tryst!

VI

Evening by the Hearth

What coaxing and what architectural feats
Before the wood, our merry plunder, won
Far up the forest, would exhale its heats,
Spending for us slow centuries of sun!

VII

From Rôchers de Naye

Far up the forest, past the pilgrim host
Of climbing pines, tree toiling after tree,
Above the clouds we stood as on the coast
Of some primeval, frore, stupendous sea.

VIII

Above the Clouds

Above the clouds we saw a Switzerland
Illimitable, crystalline, sublime,
Crest upon crest, the molding of God's hand,
Awful as in the very birth of time.

IX

The Vintage

But now the wine was fragrant in the pale,
Deep-clustered grapes, the riches of the Vaud.
We marvelled that the harvesters could scale
Their steepy vineyards hung 'twixt lake and
snow.

X

Alpine Bells

Their busy voices, crisping French, were crossed
By tinkle, tinkle of the homing herds.
The mountain slopes waxed russet. Like to frost
Glittered the wings of Lake Geneva's birds.

XI

Muettes

Ah, free muettes! Was it the dazzling play,
 The myriad sparkle of your wild white wings,
 That woke the longing for the far-away,
 Alluring us to wider wanderings?

XII

Last Days

The fainter gold of dawn, the ruddier moon,
 The creamy, soft, reluctant lights that fell
 Across new snow each briefer afternoon,
 All warned us on, yet all forbade farewell.

ITALY

I

On Entering

Grace before meat! But what is meat to this,
 The manna of the soul, the radiant face
 Of Italy that shakes the heart with bliss?
 Seeing, we bow our heads and say a grace.

II

Haunted

Haunted, oh haunted! Is't divine Apollo
 To whom the olives listen, or the sweet
 And wayward Pan that fauns and dryads follow
 With shimmering, dancing, evanescent feet?

III

Milan

The sibylline gray olives! pagan still
 For all this flight of angels clustered high
 On consecrate white turrets. What day will
 They spread their shining wings and seek the sky?

IV

Florence

But this abides. Rememberest how we saw
 The tower of Giotto soaring to the moon,
 The dim Duomo brooding mystic awe,
 Our Lady's lilies in perpetual June?

V

Wraiths

Upon such purple nights proud spirits go
 Like flames from church to palace,—warrior, sage,
 Savonarola, Fra Angelico,
 Dante in youth, not Dante in his age.

VI

The Path of Armies

Romeward! No marvel ranks of cypress grow
 Along that route the lords of terror trod,—
 Names whispered yet by Tiber and by Po,
 Theodoric, Hannibal, the "Scourge of God."

VII

Rome

Ruins on ruins! O eternal city,
 Thou palimpsest of all the past, what soul
 Can give thy martyr host its meed of pity,
 Or bear thy doom's reverberant thunder-roll?

VIII

The Appian Way

What is the past? Didst find it where we went
 Far out on that enmarbled, scripted Way?
 We found the unappeasable lament,
 Bewildered cry of spirit over clay.

IX

Naples

On through the silver rain to 'one swift smile
 Of sunset on an opalescent bay,
 Vesuvius benignly blue the while,
 Forgetful of his fatal yesterday.

X

On Classic Waters

By turquoise Capri, pearly-throned Sorrento,
 We sailed the sea old Neptune dominates,
 Past Stromboli, who flung us for memento
 A globe of fire, and through the narrow gates.

EGYPT

I

Alexandria

The Pharos dark against a dawn whose gold
 Outshone Hypatia's dream; a sea besprent
 With boats; then palms, and stately figures stoled,
 Red-fezzed, white-turbaned, veiled. The Orient!

II

The Delta

Mizraim! patriarchal camel-trains,
 Gray buffaloes by lithe brown boys bestrid,
 Clay villages, and look! beyond the plains,
 The silver outlines of a pyramid.

III

Cairo

The Arabian Nights! a jewel city clad in
 Color and sheen! The latticed harem listens
 To the muezzin's sweet-toned call. Aladdin
 Rubs life's enchanted lamp until it glistens.

IV

The Sphinx

Thou Watcher of the East six thousand years,
 Indomitable Hope the sands entomb
 Only to yield again, what have the spheres
 Confided to thee? Thou awaitest Whom?

V

Karnak

Marmoreal chaos! wilderness of shrines!
 How pale the melancholy moonlight falls
 On obelisk and column, cut with signs
 Of perished pomps and silent rituals!

VI

Our Vision

Poor heathen gods! Whither did Isis soar
 On her bright vulture wings — the wings that we
 Saw, plumed with sunset, overspread once more
 Her Egypt of the Lily and the Bee?

VII

Luxor

Amen and Mut and Khonsu, faintly flushed
 On wall and pillar, in vain patience hark;
 Their beautiful brown colonnades are hushed
 Save for soft pipings of the crested lark.

VIII

The Valley of the Tombs of the Kings

Pharaohs tyrannical in very death!
 Nature must die with them. No least green thrust
 In all this ghastly vale that compasseth
 Their golden-shrined, imperishable dust.

IX

Abydos

But where, divine Osiris, gracious Master
Over the Field of Peace, dread Lord of Doom,
Beneath these fallen fanes of alabaster
Is thy mysterious, defeated tomb?

X

Philae

The Pearl of Egypt! Once the Holy Isle
And now itself a sacrifice. The oar
Shoves ruthlessly against the dim, drowned smile
Of piteous gods whose wrath is feared no more.

XI

Abu Simbel

Of Egypt's countless altars, only one
Hath still adoring fires; one only block
Is warmed with worship of the dawning sun
That pierces to it through the riven rock.

XII

The Nile

But rest we votaries of the Lotus-crowned
And the Papyrus-crowned, the blended stream
That flows through memory with a hidden sound
Of ancient music, a perpetual dream.

PALESTINE

I

First View of the Holy Land

Faint in the pearly dawn, a silver line
 It gleamed upon the sea ; our hearts were there
 Before our vision, your dear heart and mine,
 And every face about us was a prayer.

II

Carmel

Long, level mount in purple fold on fold
 Of shadow, with the rainbow arch above.
 In lieu of Egypt's burning blue and gold,
 Low, tender skies of sorrow and of love.

III

At Bethlehem

A Russian pilgrim fell with gesture wild
 Before the manger ; while in circuit shy
 A sweet young mother kissed the walls and smiled
 And softly sang a Syrian lullaby.

IV

At Nazareth

A little Child, a Joy-of-Heart, with eyes
 Unsearchable, he grew in Nazareth,
 His daily speech so innocently wise
 That all the town went telling: " Jesus saith."

V

By the Sea of Galilee

Erect in youthful grace and radiant
 With spirit forces, all imparadised
 In a divine compassion, down the slant
 Of these remembering hills He came, the Christ.

VI

In His Steps

Should not the glowing lilies of the field
 With keener splendor mark His footprints yet
 —Prints of the gentle feet whose passing healed
 All blight from Tabor unto Olivet?

VII

At Gethsemane

There is a sighing in the pallid sprays
 Of these old olives, as if still they kept
 Their pitying watch, in Nature's faithful ways,
 As on that night when the disciples slept.

VIII

At Jerusalem

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how oft
 His love had gathered thee beneath its wings
 And thou wouldst not! — Love crucified aloft
 On Calvary, enthroned the King of Kings.

At Calvary

O Death, where is thy victory over Love?
 Thy worst, the cross of torture, crown of scorn,
 Love took and made exceeding joy thereof,
 Illimitable joy of Easter morn.

FIRST VIEW OF MONT BLANC

FROM dim aerial depths, a silver light
 Stole forth, and formed, and soared against the sky,
 A domelike summit, gloriously bright,

The adoration of the gazing eye,
 Mont Blanc. O beautiful beyond all dream,
 That thou for our great longing shouldst put by

Thy curtains woven soft with mist, and gleam
 In such a splendor! Queen of Air, are those
 Lustres miraculously white, supreme

In sparkling radiance on the blue repose
 Of heaven, thy diamond-crusted veils, thy frore,
 Virginal vesture of eternal snows?

We have beheld the vision. Evermore
 Must our poor life be nobler than before.

THE GLACIER OF BOSSONS

IT gleams athwart the rain a spectral river,
 Risen from out the dim and plunging down
 Into the dim again,— a thing to shiver
 The pomp and pleasure of this little town
 Nestling beneath its checked, sinister flow.
 O glacial torrent, should God let thee go!

Mont Blanc and all her lovely court are hidden,
 But there thou gleamest, scaled with frosty white,
 Upgathered like some monstrous creature chidden
 In act to spring, thy prey within thy sight,
 Biding thine hour, relentless, stealthy, slow,
 The sullen spawn of ever-breeding snow.

And yet how beautiful, with glints of beryl
 Upon thy crested waves, those waves that heard
 Creation's primal song, thou frozen Peril,
 Arrested in thy fury by a word
 Aeons of awful centuries ago!
 The stars remember and the thunders know.

THE JUNGFRAU

IT is the hour when yon stern height
 Puts on her bridal grace,
 The hour when day's departing light
 Steals to her lonely face,

And touches every rugged line
 With such ethereal gleam,
 The crystal mountain stands divine,
 A maiden in her dream.

THE CASTLE OF BLONAY

HOW quietly it feeds the eye
 This soft autumnal day,
 'Twixt yellowing woods and misted sky,
 The Castle of Blonay!

Calm on the russet mountain-side
 It holds seigniorial state.
 The glittering lords who used to ride
 Through its reverberant gate,

Now, their last battle lost or won,
 Are dust upon the air;
 Their ladies, bliss and anguish done,
 The beauty and the prayer,

Have long been comforted of sleep;
 The judgment-seal is set
 On the black secrets of that deep,
 Sinister oubliette.

Enchanted Castle of Blonay,
 Tranced in a timeless dream,
 Thy lofty walls of lustrous gray,
 An immemorial gleam

Across the Alpine solitudes,
 Hold at an equal price
 The chamois and the eagle broods,
 Gentian and edelweiss,

And man, unenvying us our sip
 Of life's mysterious wine,
 That cup just offered to the lip,
 So brief and so divine.

But tranquilly thy casements view
 The Dent du Midi mount,
 Whose seven snow-peaks are still too few
 Thy centuries to count.

Thy vassal ranks of poplars fade
 From green to saffron stain;
 The poplars fall, yet unafraid
 Thy pinnacles remain.

What subtle wizardry hath spun
 Thy charm against decay,
 Untroubled in the setting sun
 O Castle of Blonay?

TO THE NILE

MOTHER of Egypt, sister of old Time,
 Thou serpentine green thread across the sands,
 Far-journeying to these thy craving lands
 From royal equatorial lakes sublime,

Pilgrim of snow-clad Abyssinian hills
 Whose rushing rain thy wilder torrent fills,
 Bearer of weal or woe
 To the dumb millions, fearful multitudes
 Waiting upon thy Cleopatra moods,
 Wilt thou flow
 Till our doomed star to desolation chills?

How fares it with thy fierce, capricious heart
 Now that thine hour of slavery is come?
 Full oft thy galleys gloomed with prisoners swart,
 Neck linked to helpless neck, whose martyrdom
 Is graved along thy course on pylons proud.
 To-day thine own tyrannic might is bowed
 To bondage, bidden go
 Or stay as this new wizardry decrees;
 The granite barrier chafes thy beating knees.
 Wilt thou flow
 Till thou hast swept its dust to sea and cloud?

Grotesqueries and lethargies that lie
 Huddled in pits or islanded in mud,
 Clusters of uncouth hippopotami,
 Grim crocodiles, the terrors of the flood,
 What amity have these dim broods of thine
 With the creative, culminant divine?
 As shadows in the glow
 Of sunrise, will they perish in the birth
 Of fresh surprisals for the joy-flushed earth?
 Wilt thou flow
 Till through all forms triumphant beauty shine?

Thy stript, dishonored Pharaohs, vainly hid
 In golden chambers mystically wrought
 At musky heart of cliff or pyramid,
 Impassive majesties, immortal thought,
 Where are their caravans, with burdensome
 Booty of ivory, cedar, fragrant gum?
 The ages overthrow
 Their calm, colossal statues to amerce
 Their crimes, remembering the captive's curse.
 Wilt thou flow
 Until the hallowed reign of pity come?

What myriad life through countless centuries
 Hath sprung and faded on thy sparkling sands,
 — Futile incertitudes and miseries,
 Swift, printless feet, caressing, vanished hands!
 Thy tragic waters bear an undertone
 Like to a muffled monochord of moan.
 What bliss didst thou bestow
 On thy brief races ere upon thy bank
 The draft of pale eternity they drank?
 Dost thou know
 Why such ephemeral being suffers so?

Where are thy bestial gods oracular,
 Hawk-headed Horus and the Apis Bull,
 Ram, Vulture, Ape, divinities at jar
 With all we dream of pure and beautiful?
 Ghost-wise they come, wind-footed down the air,
 Drift of the Dispossessed, that ill can bear
 The minarets below.

Thou the Papyrus-crowned and Lotus-crowned,
 Thou who hast holy Philae dimmed and drowned,
 Wilt thou flow
 Till all be God, and Heaven be everywhere?

O River white beneath these lustrous stars,
 Sorceress shriven by the Southern Cross,
 Is there an end to agonies and wars?
 Will hands of healing comfort every loss?
 Thou who hast seen so many, many days
 Flush to their sunsets, thou of ancient praise
 For magic, whisper low
 Some prophecy that human life endears,
 Foreshadowing the secret of the spheres.
 Wilt thou flow
 Till Love is Wisdom, and the Sphinx decays?

ABU SIMBEL

I

“**H**ERE will I build a temple, I the Lord,
 Ramses the Great, crowned with the Double
 Crown,
 Son of the Sun, whose chariot wheels swept down
 The hosts of Kadesh, and whose thirsty sword
 Hath revelled in this Ethiopian horde,
 Smiting their necks. To teach them my renown,
 Pyloned and obelisked in many a town,
 I build a shrine wherein to be adored.

Take me this mountain of the living rock;
 Hew it and hollow; carve its river-face
 As mountain never yet was carved, to bear
 My likenesses repeated like a prayer;
 Then probe it to its inmost secret place,
 And sculpture godhood from the savage block."

II

The temple-cliff against the soft, deep blue
 Of Nubia's star-sown sky stands ashen-grey,
 Save where like sifted snow or frosted spray
 The moonlight blanches it. Supreme in view
 Sit throned the four colossi, emblems true
 Of thine illimitable pride, thou clay,
 Dust of the desert, Ramses, strewn to-day
 In shattered images thine Egypt through.
 Yet the stupendous Four are meek to Him
 Graved at the hewn rock's heart, eternal, dim,
 A God with Gods. With that dread Trinity,
 Burning Harmachis, and the death-white Ptah
 And, Lord of Thrones, the high-plumed Ammon-Ra,
 The Pharaoh mates his mock divinity.

III

The dawn-light steals across the solemn Nile,
 Warms the huge knees and stony, silent lips
 Of those ranged giants, through the portal slips
 And up the great Osiris columns, while
 Chamber on chamber brightens, aisle on aisle.

The walls wax wonderful with mystic ships
 And pageantry of war. Blue lotus dips
 In sacrifice, and sudden faces smile.
 Yet poignant, penetrant, the level beam
 Strikes down those dusky courts to that last gloom
 Where sit the Sun of Morning, and the Sun
 Of Zenith Splendor, and the Sun in Tomb
 Of Night, with Ramses, their beloved one,
 And fires their altar with a fleeting gleam.

SUNRISE ON THE NILE

THOUGH Egypt bows her forehead to the dust,
 Adoring Allah, still her ancient god,
 The Sun-on-the-Horizon, keeps his trust,
 And, unbesought, the Nile renews her sod.

They greet each other in the holy dawn,
 These immemorial deities, whose grace
 Is now, no less than when their temples shone
 With gold, the life and being of the race,

Attesting thus the nature right divine,
 Authentic Love, that, worshipped or denied,
 Still pours its gifts, a sun that can but shine,
 A river bearing blessing on its tide.

MURILLO'S "HOLY FAMILY OF THE LITTLE
BIRD"

(In the Prado)

SO sweetly through that humble home
The rippling laughter went
That Mary felt the world's blue dome
Too small for her content;

And careful Joseph, while he held
The boy in grave caress,
Wist not what tender thrill dispelled
His workday weariness.

The crown set softly, only rings
Of baby hair a gleam
With lustres dropt from angels' wings
And starlight down a dream.

The thorn-tree was a seedling still,
And with laughter's frolic chime
The Christ-Child did his Father's will,
As when, of elder time,

A ruddy lad in Bethlehem
Was keeping sheep and played
Blithe music on his harp to them
Before the psalms were made.

PALM SUNDAY IN GALILEE

A PALE light stealing through the rainy sky
 Like peace through sorrow, comforting the eye
 On our Palm Sunday, wayworn pilgrims three,
 Beside the lonely lake of Galilee,
 — Most blest of lakes, whose hush remembers yet
 Those multitudes on broad Gennesaret,
 The reaching arms, the cries that still pursued,
 As Jesus sought the mid-sea solitude.

How oft Mount Hermon, in the sunset glow,
 Would cleave its clouds, exceeding white as snow,
 An alabaster altar crowned with fire,
 To worship Him, the blind world's long Desire,
 The Christ, a guest in some rude fishing-boat,
 Wrapt in His seamless Galilaean coat,
 Forspent with healing, drawing heavy breath,
 The Lord of Life Who went the way of death.

And He, on Whom our mortal weakness weighed,
 — Even on Him, Whom winds and waves obeyed,—
 Would peradventure watch, too tired for prayer,
 That sudden splendor melt in purple air,
 As dusk drew over and the stars shone out,
 Until the murmurous ripples, that about
 The rocking keel intoned their timid psalms,
 Were to His slumber like the sound of palms.

If then stept soft the sons of Zebedee
 To ease the drooping head on patient knee
 Or coil of nets for pillow, surely they
 marvelled above the Dreamer, for He lay

With tender triumph on the wistful face,
As of one welcomed by the waving grace
Of fair green branches, while their hearts in them
Burned with impatience for Jerusalem.

POPPIES

POPPIES, scarlet poppies!
Through their flush have gone,
Oh, how many dainty feet,
Luring lovers on!
*Red grow thy poppies,
Sunny South of France.
Red the blood that fed thy sweet
Fields of old romance.*

Poppies, wind-blown poppies!
Where's the singing of
Troubadours that by their gleam
Sought the Courts of Love?
*Pirouetting poppies!
Hearts they've set a-dance,
— Kings of tourney, kings of dream,
Kings of sunny France!*

Poppies, poppies, poppies,
Glowing in the sun!
So have scarlet poppies glowed
Since the world begun.

*And the flame of poppies
O'er thy fields shall run,
Fervent France, a lovers' road,
Till the world is done.*

JUNE IN ENGLAND

THE golden, drooped laburnum, and the May,
The pink May and the white, the chestnut trees
Flush-blossomed, snowy-blossomed! What of these?
We are but human. Let the throstle say.

Low skies wherefrom the tender colors fail,
A dim wood mystical with fragrances
Upbreathèd by the bluebell! What of these?
Nay, we're but human. Hear the nightingale.

FURNESS ABBEY

THE treasure of the valley, red and tall
They rise, those sandstone fragments, overgrown
With fern and ivy and sweet blossom sown
By pitying winds. From broken arch and wall
The harebell glistens; nightshade thickets pall
Bruised effigy and sunken altar-stone.
What man rejected, Nature makes her own;
Her comfort creeps where cross and pillar fall.

Still sacred, though in lieu of white procession
 Of chanting monks, the mossy shafts look down
 On children's blithe-voiced play; though robins nest
 In sculptured angel-wing and carven crown;
 Perchance more sacred, for the heart's confession
 Lies bare to Him, the heart's eternal Quest.

VIGNETTES FROM LINCOLNSHIRE

The Lincoln Imp

HOW well it works! He has a holiday
 From the unpleasant fire,
 And makes more money for the town, they say,
 Than all the Angel Choir.

Church of St. Faith, Kelstern

I

Without

A very devil's face grotesquely set
 High on the hoary tower insults the skies
 With black and swollen tongue outthrust, while yet
 Strange terror drowns the mockery in his eyes.

II

Within

Monument erected by Sir Francis South
to
Elizabeth his wife, 1604.

In ruff and farthingale the mother keeps
Three-centuried watch lest psalm or anthem fret
The quiet of her cradled child who sleeps
Lapt soft in alabaster coverlet.

Time parodies thy dimples, baby-face.
He mars the stone, but not the peace within.
Rest, little sleeper, in God's special grace;
Only the ages touch thee, not their sin.

South Somercotes Church

All hail, Queen of the Marsh!
We sailors from the foam
Dream not thy spire is grim and harsh,
The spire that guides us home.

Gargoyles of Grimoldby Church

Gross, brutal demons, struggling to escape
From holy sounds, with half the body out,
Half prisoned in the stone. Green lichens drape
Broad jowls, and weeds from monstrous shoulders
sprout.

'Midst these, two portrait busts, antiquely ruffed
 And capped, strain forth, the faces keen with strife.
 Each head is plumed with grass, a ghostly tuft
 Still quivering from that ancient rage of life.

Uphall Manor

Pale wraiths of long ago my quest pursued,
 A story dim with time, a parchment rent.
 I found boy husband and girl wife intent
 Upon a cradle where a baby cooed.

The Lincolnshire Rebellion

From these poor wolds was Henry VIII defied.
 The foolish people, grieving for the pains
 Of monks, old neighbors, whose dismantled fanes
 Dotted the marshes, rose, protested, died.

ON THE MALVERN HILLS

THESE are the hills our poet Langland trod,
 "Weary forwandered," from the sunrise flush
 To amber evening thrilled by merle and thrush,
 Long Will, whose sombre soul went pilgrim-shod
 Seeking Saint Truth. Men called him churl and clod;
 He heard them not, rapt in his dream's deep hush;
 Hardly he heard the merry waters gush;
 Still wandering with no company but God.
 These hills are holy ground because of thee,
 O earthborn who wouldst make no peace with earth,

Craving that visionary clime where all
Thy troubled field of folk at last shall be
One brotherhood in labor and in mirth,
And not a blessing undivided fall.

THE CHURCH OF ST. SAVIOUR

Southwark. London.

Here Edmund Shakespeare, "a player," the poet's youngest brother, was buried December 31, 1607, aged 27.

ST. Mary Overie's once, St. Saviour's now,
A thousand years of sanctity are thine.
Crusaders, martyrs, sages, queens endow
With memories thy venerable shrine.
The poets' pilgrim with hushed footfall roams
Through whispering aisles of old, melodious names,
— Grave Gower, pillowed on his ponderous tomes;
Fletcher, too far from Beaumont, leaping flames
That blended into one immortal glow;
And "Massinger, A Stranger." Ah, and well
The heart may hear from out the Long Ago
That throbbing "forenoon knell of the great bell,"
When Shakespeare paced beside a brother's bier,
Musing on broken hopes and plans ill-spiced,
And gently laid the unlaureled dreamer here
Among the stateliest of Southwark's dead.
Long have the echoes of the voices slept
That chanted the young player to his rest,
But in the church where William Shakespeare wept,
A ghostly sorrow steals upon the breast.

AT TINTERN

THE moonlit ruins rise austere,
 Most desolate, most fair.
 The old Cistercian rule is here,
 Unceasing hush of prayer.

Beneath the river-mists abide
 Soft flows of murmurous sound
 That Silence hath no heart to chide
 From off her magic bound;

But silvered column, arch and wall
 In utter quiet gleam,
 A radiant fabric mystical,
 A masonry of dream.

The grass on yonder capital
 Is still as stone arcade,
 And not one ivy-leaf of all
 May shift her inch of shade.

In at the mullioned windows peep
 The dusky hills and lean
 In circle close to guard the sleep
 Of this enchanted scene.

Where the High Altar used to stand,
 The moonlight seems to shape
 A kneeling figure, lifted hand,
 Monastic cowl and cape.

Hath some White Brother stolen away
 From out the heavenly host
 Here in his wonted place to pray?
 Content thee, wistful ghost!

Thy fane is open to the sky,
 But as in vigils gone,
 Drowsy responses from the Wye
 Attend thine orison.

The ancient calms encompass thee,
 And on their hush is shed
 A new, divine tranquility,
 The beauty of the dead.

AT WELLS

I

Dumb

THEY chime, they chime, the sweet cathedral bells,
 Cleaving my cloudy thought, if murkiest cloud
 E'er hung so heavy as, on spirit bowed,
 This drear confusion weighs. Where is it dwells
 My truth of soul? What veil of shifting spells,
 Duties unduteous, glammers disallowed,
 Myself doth from myself forever shroud?
 Once more that silver-throated peal outwells.
 Amid the chanting throng I kneel alone,
 Mute, dull of heart, yet fain to screen the brow.
 Interpret me to Heaven, deep organ tone!

Oh, soaring arch, bear witness for me now!
 My dumb God-passion speak, great minster, thou
 For centuries a human prayer in stone!

II

Matins

Clamor of rooks from pinnacle and spire
 Hails an encrimsoned east; but chill and gray
 Below the pillared vistas arch away
 Through shadowy nave to glory-smitten choir,
 Where Orient sunbeams thrill with jeweled fire
 The dreaming glass that blossoms unto day
 In roseate plumes and golden halo-ray
 And seraph faces rapt with God-desire.
 Ah, yet these walls, though hoary with the woe
 And shrift of centuries, are all too strait
 For such a splendor. From the elm-roofed lawn,
 Where throistles chant and streams responsive flow,
 I'll worship Him on Whom my longings wait,
 Before the great east window of the dawn.

SAILING-DAY AT CLOVELLY

RARE Clovelly, Devon's gem,
 From the silvery ocean-hem
 Climbing up the narrow cleft,
 Wooded slopes to right and left,
 Why this sweet midsummer morn
 Is thy gallant heart forlorn?
 For beneath the arching vine
 Where the cottage doorways line,

Brow to brow, thy stone-wrought stair,
 Sobs of women weigh the air;
 All dismayed the children stand,
 Seeking each an elder hand;
 And thy gossip, wondrous old,
 Wont his daily state to hold
 On the seaward-looking wall,
 Where the warmest sunbeams fall,
 Sinks his chin upon his staff,
 Missing sailor yarn and chaff,
 Neighbor news and quay report
 Of his bronzed, blue-jacket court.
 Sailing-day! The eager tide,
 Mounting now the cliff's red side,
 Redder for the dashing spray,
 On its ebb will bear away
 Lads beloved of all, for in
 Proud Clovelly all are kin.
 Bold the groom who leadeth home
 Maiden bred beyond the combe;
 Warmly must a stranger plead
 Ere the cliff-born beauty heed;
 And to-day, though few depart,
 Many are the eyes a-smart
 With unwonted tears that run
 For a brother, nephew, son.
 As, should hidden rock-point fret
 Yonder tawny fishing-net,
 All the fibres feel the strain,
 Even thus the parting-pain
 Every ingles mirth must mar,
 Woven so these heart-strings are.

Yet beware, O weeping eyes!
 Still in grief let love be wise.
 Still in grief let love recall
 All is saved by yielding all.
 While these youthful hearts are great,
 Glad, heroic, passionate,
 In the hour that bids them rise
 To their manhood's destinies,
 Ill it were of love to mar
 With a cloud the guiding star.
 Would Clovelly hold her own,
 Be no bonds about them thrown;
 Smile and blessing set them free
 For the fair, enchanted sea;
 Let them rove, as they are fain,
 All the opalescent plain.
 Through the lonely months and years
 Will be time enough for tears.
 Set them free. The ocean-spell
 Sways its hour, but know ye well,
 Many and many a whispering night
 While the phosphorescent light
 Twinkles in the creamy wake,
 On the sailor's watch will break
 Vision of a cliff-bound bay,
 Where the pearl and beryl play
 On the changeful waves. In trance
 Shall he mark the merry dance
 Of the tan-sailed fishing-fleet;
 See the sheer and crannied street,
 Musical with children's glee,

Bright with rose and fuchsia tree,
 And above, the beach-grown heights
 Where the cooing dove delights
 O'er the heather and the gorse,—
 Dreams that guide the good ship's course
 Whither, by the singing main,
 Love shall greet her own again.

IN CORNWALL

A HOMESICKNESS of forty years,
 A quest across two hemispheres,—
 No wonder that wan face
 Shone like a soul in grace.

Yet hedgebanks rough and slates cast by
 From worn-out quarries, lowering sky,
 — What scene was this to move
 Such ecstasy of love!

Nay, Love, that looks by deeper law
 Than sense, saw what his childhood saw,
 Adventure, glory, joy,
 The godhood of a boy.

Those glistening eyes, where teardrops strayed
 In laughter, their own rainbow made,
 And when the road ran down
 Into a poor gray town,

God help the man! he drank it so
With thirsty look, agaze, aglow,
Trembling in all his frame
As through the street we came;

While broken, sweet, unconscious words
Fell from his lips, as drowsy birds
Down the dim treetops float
A fragmentary note.

Strange kith and kin about him pressed.
His smile slipped past them all to rest
Upon the murmuring stream,
Music of many a dream

Dreamt 'neath the keen Australian stars,
And where the turquoise-seeker mars
Stern Sinai's solemn vast,
— A dream come true at last.

Oft current-crost and Pixie-led,
From those long years in exile sped
Few golden sheaves brought he,
A sower in the sea;

But ah! we had not thought to view
This side the tapestries of blue,
Not on this mortal side,
A look so satisfied.

SEA-BIRDS

LIKE beryl which some mighty alchemist
Has molten with turquoise and amethyst,
And shot with diamond, leagues on leagues away
The ocean plunges in tremendous play.

'Twas so Columbus saw it, Cabot so,
Those far-eyed sailors of the Long Ago.
The dauntless Vikings drove their dragon-prow
Down such a shimmering road as rocks us now.

But what were they, and what, ah, what are we?
No more to life than sea-birds to the sea,
That recks not of the million million gone
While still new millions toss the sparkle on.

And shall the sea-bird quarrel with the sea?
To dip the wing in joy and then to be
Where broken foam, lost sunrise, fallen star
Hold court together, is it cause for war?

IX

TRANSLATIONS FROM SPANISH FOLK-SONG

COPLAS

1

IN this world, my masters,
There's neither truth nor lie,
But all things take the color
Of the glass before the eye.

2

If you put faith in friendship
Your dearest friend will shock it.
Oh, pooh! There is no friend but God,
And a dollar in the pocket.

3

“Law, law,
Whither away?”
“Whithersoever
The King may say.”

4

In a saddle-bag over my shoulder
Vices I bore, but mind!
In front I carried my neighbor's;
My own I had slung behind.

5

Let no one dare in this world to say,
"Of this water I will not drink."
Though muddy the stream, a mighty thirst
May drive thee to its brink.

6

Far is the town ;
Rough is the road ;
When the donkey falls down,
Don't double the load.

7

"Better have wisdom than wealth,"
Say the people, far-discerning.
Your poor man may yet be rich,
But your rich man can't buy learning.

8

From the King you may take
Crown, sceptre and ring,
But not the glory
Of having been king.

9

Who shuns temptation
Shuns a fall.
If the door is locked,
The Devil won't call.

10

I was born in a bell-tower
— So my mother tells.—
When my sponsors came to the churching,
I was ringing the bells.

11

When once the cat
Has stolen the fish,
Long may you wait
Her return to the dish.

12

With plenty of children
There's no question
Of a mother dying
From indigestion.

13

I would rather be a soldier,
Or a friar with naked feet,
Than take to me a wife
At the present price of wheat.

14

Alone I am, I was born alone,
And never have I twinned,
But all alone I rove the world
Like a feather in the wind.

15

North-wind, North-wind,
Strong as wine!
Blow thou, North-wind,
Comrade mine!

16

Why to Castile
For your fortune go?
A man's Castile
Is under his hoe.

17

Said the leaf to the flower: "O fie!
You put on airs indeed!
But we sprang, both you and I,
From the selfsame little brown seed."

18

Hopes are like laurels,
As clearly is seen,
For they never give fruit
And are always green.

19

"What is a student's cloak like?"
"A flower-garden." "True;
For it is full of patches
Of every hue."

20

If you would have money
Forever and a day,
The first that comes into your hand
Do not throw away.

21

My husband went to the Indies.
He sailed with the Cuban fleet.
He sent me a knife and a letter that said:
“Work, if you want to eat.”

22

My husband went to the Indies
To increase his wealth's amount.
He brought back many things to tell,
But very few to count.

23

“Gypsy, why are you chased so fast?”
“*Señor*, the folks are fools.
I've only stolen a halter rope
— And with it four pair of mules.”

24

There runs a swine down yonder hill,
As fast as ever he can;
And as he runs he crieth still,
“Come steal me, Gypsyman.”

25

The armless beggar has written a letter;
The blind one finds the writing clear;
The mute is reading it aloud,
And the deaf one runs to hear.

26

To a deaf man sang a mute,
With a smile upon his phiz.
A blind man stood and watched them.
What a world it is!

27

A ragged man has clothes for sale;
The bald sells combs, and here
Is a blind man vending spectacles.
This world of ours is queer.

28

Francisca, be careful how you awake
A certain bad little red little snake.
The sun strikes hot, but old and young
Stand more in dread of a bitter tongue.

29

Garden without water,
House without a roof,
Wife whose talk is all
Scolding and reproof,

Husband who forgets his home
 In the tavern revel —
 Here are four things
 Ready for the Devil.

30

Here lies Sister Claribel,
 Who made sweetmeats very well,
 And passed her life in pious follies,
 Such as dressing waxen dollies.

31

From mouth to mouth — as bees that dip
 And hum in noontide sunny —
 A ballad flew, and on my lip
 It left a drop of honey.

32

Love sways all;
 Money transcends all;
 Time decays all,
 And Death ends all.

* * *

33

In the porch of Bethlehem,
 Sun, Moon, and Star,
 The Virgin, St. Joseph,
 And the Christ Child are.

34

Mary has no cradle
In which to lay her Son,
But His father is a carpenter,
And he will make Him one.

35

The Virgin rested, clad in blue,
Beneath an olive tree,
And all the boughs bent low to view
The Baby on her knee.

36

Where her happy heart was beating,
Mary tucked her darling in,
Singing softly: "Oh, my sweeting,
Love the poor and pardon sin."

37

St. John and Mary Magdalen
Played hide and seek, the pair,
Till St. John threw a shoe at her,
Because she didn't play fair.

38

The little birds among the reeds,
God's trumpeters are they,
For they hail the Sun with music
And wish him happy day.

39

Vainly to the shrine
Goes poor José;
His saint is out
Of sorts to-day.

40

They say I have stolen an altar-cup,
— A lie, my good name to smirch;
For since the day that I was baptized,
I have not entered the church.

41

I am too lame to go to mass
— A loss I much deplore,
But see how slow I hobble
To the tavern door.

42

A cobbler went to mass,
But he didn't know how to pray.
He walked by the altars, asking the saints:
“Any shoes to be mended to-day?”

43

To the jasper threshold of heaven
His bench the cobbler brings:
“Shoes for these little angels
Who have nothing to wear but wings.”

44

I would not be afraid of Death
Though I saw him walking by,
For without God's permission
He cannot kill a fly.

45

The reason the hedgehog has such soft hair
— At least so runs the rumor —
Is that God created that creature there,
When God was out of humor.

46

You say your taste is for cinnamon,
And for saffron yours, my friends;
But mine is the only Catholic taste,
A taste for whatever God sends.

47

Alas! Our Mother of Healing,
Mother of those in pain!
Our wheat is perishing with drought.
Send thy holy rain.

48

As I was telling my beads,
While the dawn was red,
The Virgin came to greet me
With her arms outspread.

49

When to mass in the temple of Solomon
 The Virgin went, behold!
 The Sunday raiment that she had on
 Was of heavenly blue and gold.

50

Thursdays three in the year there be,
 That shine more bright than the sun's own
 ray —
 Holy Thursday, Corpus Christi,
 And our Lord's Ascension Day.

51

The swallows on Mount Calvary
 Plucked tenderly away
 From the brows of Christ two thousand thorns,
 Such gracious birds are they.

52

Far away, on Calvary hill,
 The olive woods are sweet and still.
 There four larks and a nightingale
 The death of Jesus Christ bewail.

53

When the priest at the altar lifted up
 The Body of God, Christ said to me:
 "Drink life eternal from the cup
 Wherein I tasted death for thee."

54

The Giralda says she wouldn't be French,
 Not for many a million.
 The Giralda says she's Spanish,
 Andalusian and Sevillian.

55

I am the King's poor soldier ;
 Mine honor is my own ;
 But while the King maintains me,
 I'll maintain his throne.

56

To-morrow comes the drawing of lots ;
 The chosen march delighted,
 And leave the girls behind with those
 Whom the King has not invited.

57

Girls, if you want lovers,
 Go paint them on a screen,
 For the gallant lads of Spain
 Are plighted to the Queen.

58

No help for it ; must be a soldier
 And follow after the drum.
 Nothing but drum for breakfast and dinner ;
 Sulky and spent we come.
Rran, tan, plan, plan!
 If only the thing were dumb!

59

The king gives me four pennies,
And so, set free from care,
I eat and drink and always have
Ready cash to spare.

60

Let the barracks stand for a holy church,
Each soldier for a saint,
And our back pay for candles
Whose light is far and faint.

61

The life of a soldier
Is to take things as they fall,
To sleep in somebody else's bed
And to die in the hospital.

62

The moon is a Republican,
And the sun with open eye;
The earth she is Republican,
And Republican am I.

63

The Republic is dead and gone;
Bury her out of the rain.
But see! There is never a Panteón
Can hold the funeral train.

64

When I am missing, hunt me down
In Andalusia's purple light,
Where all the beauties are so brown,
And all the wits so bright.

65

I went to the meadow
Day after day,
To gather the blossoms
Of April and May,
And there was Mercedes,
Always there,
Sweetest white lily
That breathes the air.

66

The five pinks slipt through thy window
Should plead my rueful case,
For those are my five senses,
Now captives of thy grace.

67

Off goes the maiden
To Barcelona town!
The mother who bore thee
Deserves a crown.

68

By night I go to the patio,
And my tears in the fountain fall,
To think that I love you so much,
And you love me not at all.

69

“What is jealousy?” asked a learned man,
Blinking all about.
'Twas a peasant who made answer:
“Fall in love and you'll find out.”

70

Mary, little Mary,
Who lives next door to me,
Even the holy water
Takes with coquetry.

71

Like to mosquitoes
Are your loves, O John.
They bite and leave a little smart,
They sing and they are gone.

72

Poor boy, you hav'n't a nose,
For God did not will it so.
Fairings you buy at the fair,
But as for noses, no.

73

San Sebastian, shot full of arrows,
Though my mother-in-law demurs,
May the lot of thy glorious soul be mine,
The lot of thy body hers.

74

Ah, little widow, widow!
Black veil and lips so red!
Let us two speedily marry.
Leave God to pity the dead.

75

Maria gave me a rose,
And her mother chanced to see.
Then Maria's face was a pinker rose
Than the rose she had given me.

76

If I seem to make love to thy cousin,
Thou wilt forgive the feint;
Always one kisses the altar-step
Before one kisses the saint.

77

For one who binds in a golden net
More golden threads of hair,
I have forgotten a proud brunette
With eyes of black despair.

78

I live so long away from thee
 It ought to make me sage,
 For when I live away from thee,
 Each moment is an age.

79

Tiny and dainty, you please me well,
 Down to my heart's true pith.
 You look to me like a little bell
 Made by a silversmith.

80

The rose-bush bore a rose,
 The lily-stem a bloom,
 Thy father reared a daughter,
 — For whom?

81

Half down the street two paving-stones
 I found in quarrel grim,
 Each claiming that your fairy foot
 Had rested upon him.
 If stones so fare, what then
 Shall be the fate of men?

82

If I could but be buried
 In the dimple of your chin,
 I would wish, Dear, that dying
 Might at once begin.

83

Very anxious is the flea,
Caught between finger and thumb.
More anxious I, on watch for thee,
Lest thou shouldst not come.

84

If thou wilt be a white dove,
I will be a blue.
We'll put our bills together
And coo, coo, coo.

85

The stars of heaven
Are a thousand and seven.
Those eyes of thine.
Make a thousand and nine.

86

Such love for thee, sent forth from me,
Beats on such iron gate
That I, used so, no longer know
Whether I love or hate.

87

You will not love me because I am poor
And can't even give you flowers?
Well, then, go marry the clock,
That can always give the hours.

88

Because I look thee in the face,
Set not for this thy hopes too high,
For many go to the market-place
To see and not to buy.

89

Your mother is always saying
That you are better than I.
In what book did she read that heresy?
In what dream did she dream that lie?

90

They say you do not love me.
I shall not take to my bed,
But to-morrow I'll put on mourning
Of taffeta scarlet-red.

91

Of love and of waves
There is this to say,—
They look like mountains,
And are but spray.

92

Don't act as if you were the Queen,
Putting on such airs.
I don't choose to reach my Love
By a flight of stairs.

93

You're always saying you'd die for me.
I doubt it nevertheless ;
But prove it true by dying,
And then I'll answer yes.

94

I'll not have you, Little Torment,
I don't want you, Little Witch.
Let your mother light four candles
And stand you in a niche.

95

Maiden of the twenty lovers,
And I the twenty-first, no less,
— If all the others are like to me,
You'll die in single blessedness.

96

Don't blame me that eyes are wet,
For I only pay my debt.
I've taught you to cry and fret,
But first you taught me to forget.

97

Once, that I might not see thee,
I gave forth many sighs.
Now, that I may not see thee,
I turn away my eyes.

98

We loved each other once;
 Our days like music went;
 And then we both forgot,
 And now are both content.

99

Thy loves I might compare
 To plates of earthenware.
 Break one and, Mother of Grace!
 Another fills its place.

100

“ Before I forget ”
 — Thus didst thou say to me —
 “ The Queen of the Moors
 Shall a Christian be.”
 Long ago thou didst forget,
 But the Queen of the Moors
 Is a Moslem yet.

101

Mine is a lover well worth the loving.
 Under my balcony he cries:
 “ You have maddened me with your grace of moving,
 And the beaming of your soft black eyes.”

102

Too long our separation ;
Soul of my soul thou art,
The Virgin of Consolation
On the altar of my heart.

103

Though thou go to the highest heaven,
And God's hand draw thee near,
The saints will not love thee half so well
As I have loved thee here.

104

The learnèd are not wise,
The saints are not in bliss ;
They have not looked into your eyes,
Nor felt your burning kiss.

105

If I had a blossom rare,
I would twine it in thy hair,
Though God should stoop and ask for it
To make His heaven more exquisite.

106

When I go to church,
And you are not there,
I would have mass
As short as a prayer.

When I go to church
And find you, Dear,
I would have mass
As long as a year.

107

Every time I pass your house
— I do not have to search —
I kneel upon the threshold
As if it were a church.

108

Were it said that the Rising Sun
Had offended thee, most dear,
I would challenge the Terrible, Shining One,
My heart against his spear.

109

To a paving-stone of the street
(Now what might this betoken?)
I told my grief and, by my faith,
That paving-stone was broken.

110

It weighs upon my heart
To see thy mourning dress.
That shadow of thy sorrow
Is my distress.

Ill fall that sombre robe!
 Ill fall its every thread!
 That my Sweetheart should wear mourning
 Ere I am dead!

111

When thou wert born, each sleeping flower
 Swiftly into blossom sprung;
 On the font in thy baptismal hour
 Nightingales lit and sung.

112

Going and coming,
 I lost my heart one day.
 Love came to me laughing;
 In tears Love went away.

113

If to these iron bars
 Thou wilt not bend thine head,
 This very night yon shining stars
 Shall see me lying dead.

114

Like the eyes of my Sweetheart
 My hard life goes,
 Eyes great as my weariness,
 Black as my woes.

115

Pain and pain and pain and pain!
All is pain for me
— Pain because I see thee not,
And pain because I see.

116

Have pity — have pity upon me,
Thou who pitiest none,
Harder of heart than the columns
In the temple of Solomon.

117

Hope died one day of anguish;
I stood by the sepulchre,
And saw among the mourners
Truth, who murdered her.

118

I lost him in a dream,
— But whither is it gone?
In oblivion must I seek for him,
— But where's oblivion?

119

Three years after I was dead,
The heavy earth above me said:
“What if thy sweetheart has forgot?”
And I made answer: “She has not.”

He loves not, though he swear it thrice,
 Whose heart wears not love's cross above.
 The love that is not sacrifice
 Hath nothing but the name of love.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

1

THE Holy Night is flowing by;
 Before the Christmas morn,
 Before the stars have left the sky,
 The Christ-Child will be born.

2

When the Eternal a child would be,
 Lovingly he to an angel spoke:
 "Gabriel, go to Galilee,
 And in Galilee find the country-folk.
 Ask for the village of Nazareth,
 And enter softly, with folded wing,
 A little cottage where flourisheth
 The stock of David, my harper-king.
 There sits a maiden, poor of dress,
 Espoused to a humble carpenter.
 For her purity and her gentleness
 Out of the world have I chosen her."

The wings of the angel drank the air
 Until to that humble home he came,
 And Mary marvelled to see him there,
 With wand of lily and plumes of flame.
 The bright archangel bowed his knee:
 "Hail, among women most highly blest!
 The Lord our God hath chosen thee,
 And Christ shall nestle on thy breast."

3

A group of weary travellers pass
 On the road to Bethlehem,
 A maiden mounted on an ass,
 An old man guiding them.
 "We must make haste. The evenings are
 So cold, your clothes so thin,
 And poor folk often journey far
 Before they find an inn.
 But here one stands. Halloo! halloo!
 Inn-keeper, open quick,
 For Mary can no further go.
 She's tired and she's sick."
 A one-eyed face, all angry-browed,
 Came peering through the gate.
 "Who is it calling here so loud,
 And at an hour so late?"
 "'Tis I," returned the troubled saint.
 "A lodging I entreat
 For Mary, so forspent and faint
 Her pulses hardly beat."
 "Let old St. Joseph go his ways,"
 That inn-keeper replied.

“The good guest is the guest that pays.
The rest may stay outside.”

“Nay, take us in, though I confess
An empty purse I bear,
But poverty and weariness
Are sacred everywhere.”

“The only sacred thing I see
Is money. Poor folk may
Lodge where they can, but as for me,
I kiss the hands that pay.”
The one-eyed face drew back, the gate
Was slammed,—and then went blind
The other eye, to match the state
Of that benighted mind.
A dog now leads him through the streets,
Where woefully he sells
Rosaries and ballad-sheets,
Charms and cockle-shells.

4

The Virgin is spreading handkerchiefs
On the rosemary to dry.
The little birds are singing,
And the brook is running by.
The Virgin washes handkerchiefs,
And spreads them in the sun,
But St. Joseph, out of mischief,
Has stolen every one.
And then her poor mantillas
The Virgin washes well.
St. Joseph spreads them in the sun.

Behold a miracle!
 The cloth cuts up itself and makes
 A set of baby-clothes,
 So joyful with St. Joseph
 The Virgin homeward goes.

5

Into the porch of Bethlehem
 Have crept the gypsies wild,
 And they have stolen the swaddling clothes
 Of the new-born Holy Child.

Oh, those swarthy gypsies!
 What wont the rascals dare?
 They have not left the Christ-Child
 A single shred to wear.

6

The night is cold,
 But garlands weave,
 And sing the songs
 Of Christmas Eve.
 The Child is born.
 Through frosty weather
 Kings and shepherds
 Haste together.
 Where might such guest
 A welcome win?
 Where ox and mule
 Keep the inn.

For bed they give him
 Straw and hay,
 The earliest gifts
 Of Christmas Day.
 Ox and mule,
 He smiles on them,
 The Little Child
 Of Bethlehem.
 A Little Child?
 The Prince of Peace,
 Whose victories
 Shall never cease.

7

There has been born in a stable,
 Amid the shavings curled,
 Between the mule and the ox,
 The Saviour of the world.

And King Melchior said:
"Blow the pipe and sound the horn.
Tell the world that Christ is born."

O Child, with only straw
 To cover Thee from the cold,
 Thou shouldst be clad in velvet,
 In velvet and in gold.

Sun, moon and star are shining
 Within that lowly stall,
 St. Joseph and St. Mary
 And the Child, most bright of all.

Fire-bells are ringing, ringing
 In Bethlehem to-night.
 'Tis a star has fallen from heaven
 And set the straw alight.

“ Oh, I am a poor gypsy
 Who've trudged o'er field and fell
 To bring unto the Baby
 This crested cockerel.”

“ I am a poor Galician,
 Long roads my feet have hurt,
 But here I bring some linen
 To make a baby-shirt.”

All bring the Christ-Child presents;
 The poorest does his part;
 And I, who am so little,
 Give to Him my heart.

8

Joy, joy, joy!

On the breast of Mary lies a Baby-Boy.

Peace on earth!

At the solemn midnight she gave the Christ-Child birth.

Tender one!

In the dark and in the frost is Thy life begun.

Cherubs peep

Through the stable chinks to see their little God asleep

In the hay,

Dancing on the roof above Him softly as they may.

Shepherds keep
 In the winter pastures watch about their sheep.
 In the skies
 Suddenly a glorious star astonishes their eyes.
 Sore afraid
 Stand the shepherds till an angel all in white arrayed
 Speaks to them,
 While the glory of the Lord is poured on Bethlehem.
 "Lo, I bring
 Tidings of great joy, the birth of Jesus Christ, your
 King.

You shall find
 In a manger, wrapped in swaddling clothes, the Saviour
 of mankind."

Eagerly
 The shepherds run to Bethlehem, this miracle to see,
 And behold
 A stable-door where angels watch with wings of shining
 gold.

Poorly clad
 Is the Baby in a petticoat, the best that Mary had.
 At her feet
 Angels kneel, adoring her, Madonna pure and sweet.
 By her stands
 Good St. Joseph, serving her with labor-roughened
 hands,

While the kine
 With grave and gentle eyes look on at the scene divine.
 With good leave
 Come the shepherds and from all a welcoming smile re-
 ceive;

Then before

The Virgin bright they bow themselves upon the stable
floor.

“Queen,” they say,

“Can it be that God Most High puts on mortal clay?
Mystery!

Thou, the Mother of the Christ, ever blessèd be!

Baby dear,

Do not cry. It burns our hearts, every little tear.

Fare thee well,

Father Joseph; thee, our Lady; Thee, Immanuel.

Had we gold

It were yours, but yours our cots and the sheep we fold.

One more peep

At the Baby. Little One, snuggle down and sleep.

Señor Mule,

Señor Ox, good-bye to you. Wish you merry Yule!”

Thus depart

The shepherds with all courtesy, exceeding glad of
heart.

PLAYING WITH BABY

1

Riding the Foot

TROT, little donkey! Donkey, trot!

We must buy honey to please the pet.

If San Francisco has it not,

We'll go to San Benet.

2

Patty-Cake

Patty-cakes, oh! Patty-cakes, ah!
 The sweetest cakes are for dear mama.
 Patty-cakes, oh! Patty-cakes, ah!
 The hardest pats are for poor papa.

Bread, O God! Bread, dear God,
 For this little child to-day!
 Because he's such a baby,
 He cannot pay his way.

3

Learning to Walk

One little step, Baby-boy mine!
 Come, Little Man, step up!
 And thou shalt have a taste of wine
 From Godfather's silver cup.

CHILDREN'S SONGS

1

To the Whistle

WHISTLE, whistle, Margarita,
 And you'll get a crust of bread,
 But if you do not whistle,
 I'll cut off your little head.

2

Rocking Dolly to Sleep

Don't pin-prick my poor old dolly	<i>Do</i>
Respect my domestic matters.	<i>Re</i>
Methinks she grows melancholy,	<i>Mi</i>
Fast as her sawdust scatters.	<i>Fa</i>
Sole rose of your mamma's posy,	<i>Sol</i>
Laugh at your mamma, so!	<i>La</i>
Seal up your eyes all cozy.	<i>Si</i>
<i>La Sol Fa Mi Re Do.</i>	

3

On the Way to School

In the street they call Toledo
 Is a famous school for boys,
Chundarata, chundarata,
Chundarata, chún-chún,
 Where all we lads are going
 With a most heroic noise,
Chundarata, chundarata,
Chundarata, chún-chún.

And the parrots on their perches,
 They mock us as we go,
Chundarata, chundarata,
Chundarata, chún-chún.

"I hate my school," whines Polly,
 "For my master beats me so."
Chundarata, chundarata,
Chundarata, chún-chún.

Playing Soldier

The Catalans are coming,
 Marching two by two.
 All who hear the drumming
 Tiptoe for a view.

Ay, ay!

Tiptoe for a view.
 Red and yellow banners,
 Pennies very few.

Ay, ay!

Pennies very few.

Red and yellow banners!

The Moon comes out to see.
 If moons had better manners,
 She'd take me on her knee.

Ay, ay!

Take me on her knee.
 She peeps through purple shutters.
 Would I were tall as she!

Ay, ay!

Would I were tall as she!

Soldiers need not learn letters,
 Nor any schooly thing,
 But unless they mind their betters,
 In golden chains they'll swing.

Ay, ay!

In golden chains they'll swing.

Or sit in silver fetters,
 Presents from the King.
 Ay, ay!
 Presents from the King.

5

Butterfly Tag

“Who are these chatterers?
 Ah, such a number!
 Not by day nor by night
 Do they let me slumber.”
 They’re daughters of the Moorish king,
 Who search the garden close
 For lovely Lady Ana,
 The sweetest thing that grows.
 She’s opening the jasmine
 And shutting up the rose.

*Butterfly, butterfly,
 Dressed in rose-petals!
 Is it on candle-flame
 Butterfly settles?
 How many shirts
 Have you woven of rain?
 Weave me another
 Ere I call you again.*

Now that Lady Ana
 Walks in garden sweet,

Gathering the roses
Whose dew is on her feet,
Butterfly, butterfly,
Can you catch us? Try it, try!"

6

Puss in the Corner

"A candle here?"
"Over there."
"A candle here?"
"Otherwhere."
"Candle, a candle!"
"Loss on loss!"
"Where is light?"
"In the Holy Cross."

7

Tell-Tale

Tell-tale! Tell-tale!
In hell you'll be served right,
All day fed on mouldy bread,
And pounded all the night.

8

Indian Giver

He who gives and takes again,
Long in hell may he remain!
He who gives and takes once more,
May we hear him beat on the Devil's door!

Dancing Verses

Pipe away! pipe away!
 Let us play a little play!
 What will we play?
 We'll cut our flowers away.
 Who cut them, who?
 Rain from out the blue.
 Where is the rain?
 Hens drank it up again.
 Hens? And where are they?
 Gone their eggs to lay.
 Who will eat them up?
 Friars when they sup.
 What do friars do?
 Sing "gori-gori-goo."

Whirling with Clasped Hands

Titirinela, if you please!
 Titirinela, bread and cheese!
 "What is your father's worshipful name?"
 "Sir Red-Pepper, who kisses your hands."
 "And how does he call his beautiful dame?"
 "Lady Cinnamon, at your commands."
 Titirinela, toe to toe!
 Titirinela, round we go!

11

Playing Washerwoman

“Mother has gone to work.
Mother’ll be gone all day.
Now can Mariquilla
Laugh and dance and play.”
“What hast been doing, Mary?”
“Sweeping with broom of briar.”
“A friar saw thee playing.”
“He was a lying friar.”
“A holy friar tell a lie!”
“He lied and so do you.”
“Come hither, Mary of my heart,
And I’ll beat thee black and blue.”

12

Ready for a Jump

Saint Mary Magdalen,
Don’t let me break my thigh!
Oh, Saint Thomas,
Help this birdie fly.

13

Comparing Saints

Old San Antón,
What has he done?
Put us in the corner every one.

San Sebastián
Is a nice young man.
He takes us to walk and gives us a fan.

14

Our Lady

For studying my lessons,
So as not to be a dunce,
Papa gave me eight pennies
That I mean to spend at once.
Four for my dolly's necklace,
Three for a collar fine,
And one to buy a candle
For Our Lady's shrine.

15

When the Stint is Done

Virgin Most Holy
Your servant kneels to say
That with your kind permission
It is time to play.
Mother Most Holy,
My loving heart implores,
Bless this little sinner
Before she runs outdoors.

16

Now I Lay Me

Jesus, Joseph, Mary,
Your little servant keep,
While with your kind permission
I lay me down to sleep.

WORLDLY WISDOM

IF any cadet
With thee would go,
Daughter, instantly
Answer no.
For how can cadet,
This side of Heaven,
Keep a wife
On his dollars seven?

If any lieutenant
Asks a caress,
Daughter, instantly
Answer yes.
For the lieutenant
Who kisses thy hand
May come to be
A general grand.

LONG LIVE LOVE

(A Circle Dance)

MAMBRÚ went forth to battle.
Long live Love!

I listen for his coming feet.
The rose on the rosebush blossoms sweet.

He will come back by Easter.

Long live Love!

He will come back by Christmas-tide.
The rose on the bush has drooped and died.

Down the road a page is riding.

Long live Love!

“Oh, what are the tidings that you bear?”
The rose on the bush is budding fair.

“Woe is me for my tidings!”

Long live Love!

“Mambrú lies cold this many a morn.”
Ay, for a rosebush sharp with thorn!

A little bird is chirping.

Long live Love!

In the withered bush where no more buds blow,
The bird is chirping a note of woe.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CEFERINO

THE daughters of Ceferino
 Went to walk — alas!
 A street above, a street below,
 Street of San Tomás.
 The least of all, they lost her.
 Her father searched — alas!
 A street above, a street below,
 Street of San Tomás.
 And there he found her talking
 With a cavalier, who said:
 “Come home with me, my darling;
 ’Tis you that I would wed.”

Oh, have you seen the pear tree
 Upon my grandpa’s lawn?
 Its pears are sweet as honey,
 But when the pears are gone,
 A turtle-dove sits moaning,
 With blood upon her wings,
 Amid the highest branches,
 And this is what she sings:
 “Ill fares the foolish maiden
 Who trusts a stranger’s fibs.
 She’d better take a cudgel
 And break his ugly ribs.”

WASHING THE HANDKERCHIEF

“**B**RIGHT is the fountain,
When skies are blue.
Who washed my handkerchief?
Tell me true!”

“Three mountain maidens
Of laughing look.
White went their feet
In the running brook.
One threw in roses,
And jasmine one.
One spread thy handkerchief
In the sun.”

MAMBRÚ

MAMBRÚ is gone to serve the king,
And comes no more by fall or spring.

We've looked until our eyes are dim.
Will no one give us word of him?

You'd know him for his mother's son
By peasant dress of Aragon.

You'd know him for my husband dear
By brodered kerchief on his spear.

The one I broider now is wet.
Oh, may I see him wear it yet!

THE LEANING TOWER OF SARAGOSSA

Sung in Dialogue

1—"I N Saragossa
— Oh, what a pity! —
Has fallen the tower,
Pride of the city."

2—" Fell it by tempest,
Fairies or witches,
The students will raise it,
For students have riches."

1—" Call on the students,
Call louder and louder!
They've only two coppers
To buy them a chowder."

2—" Chowder of students
Is sweeter than honey,
But the gay Andalusians
Have plenty of money."

1—" The gay Andalusians
Have fiddle and ballad,
But only two coppers
To buy them a salad."

2—" In Saragossa
— Oh, what a pity! —
Has fallen the tower,
Pride of the city."

FLOWERS ARE FOR THE EARTH

FLOWERS are for the earth
And children for the sky.
When once they've gone to look on God,
They love it best on high.
Then let the bells ring out and say:
"One angel more in heaven to-day."

A DISMAL LITTLE NUN

I WANTED to be married
To a sprightly barber-lad,
But my parents wished to put me
In the convent dim and sad.

One afternoon of summer
They walked me out in state,
And as we turned a corner,
I saw the convent gate.

Out poured all the solemn nuns
In black from toe to chin,
Each with a lighted candle,
And made me enter in.

The file was like a funeral;
The door shut out the day;
They set me on a marble stool
And cut my hair away.

The pendants from my ears they took,
And the ring I loved to wear,
But the hardest loss of all to brook
Was my mat of raven hair.

If I run out to the garden
And pluck the roses red,
I have to kneel in church until
Twice twenty prayers are said.

If I steal up to the tower
And clang the convent bell,
The holy Abbess utters words
I do not choose to tell.

My parents, O my parents,
Unkindly have you done,
For I was never meant to be
A dismal little nun.

SANTA CATALINA

SANTA Catalina! to-morrow is thy day.
 Thou wilt go up to heaven with a holy glee,
 And old San Pedro, spying thee, will say:

“What woman is this who is calling me?”

“Catalina I, who by the martyrs’ path have fared.”

“Little Dove, come in, come in! Thy dove-cot is prepared.”

HARVEST SONG

WET is April,
 But gently falls the rain,
 For the Lord our God commands it
 Not to hurt the grain.
 The first of May,
 When sowing-time is done
 Come visiting the fields
 Mary and her Son.
 Here and there
 Pause their holy feet,
 While they shed a blessing
 On the springing wheat.
 In the month of June,
 When the tempests sleep,
 God gives me permission
 To go forth and reap.
 Through Him Who watched our labors
 And kept our hearts from sin,
 And by the help of neighbors,
 The crops are gathered in.

BONAPARTE WENT UP TO HEAVEN

BONAPARTE went up to Heaven
 To make request of the Lord
 That He give him the kingdoms of Europe
 To rule with fire and sword.
 And this did Jehovah accord;
 He had asked for no kingdom in vain;
 God had granted one after another,
 Till Bonaparte asked for Spain.
 Then the Son spoke, firm and plain:
 "No. Spain belongs to my Mother."

VIVA CADIZ

V*IVA Cadiz*, silver Cadiz,
 Whose walls defy the sea,
 Cadiz of the pretty girls,
 Of courtesy and glee!

Good luck to merry Cadiz,
 As white as ocean spray,
 And her five and twenty cannon
 That point Gibraltar way!

QUEEN ISABEL

IN Madrid there is a palace,
 As bright as polished shell,
 And in it lives a lady
 They call Queen Isabel.

Not for count nor duke nor marquis
 Her father would she sell,
 For not all the gold in Spain could buy
 The crown of Isabel.

One day when she was feasting
 Within this palace grand,
 A lad of Aragon walked in
 And seized her by the hand.
 Through street and square he dragged her
 To a dreary prison cell,
 And all that weary way she wept,
 The lady Isabel.

“For whom art weeping, lady?
 What gives thy spirit pain?
 If thou weepest for thy brothers,
 They will not come again.
 If thou weepest for thy father,
 He lies 'neath sheet of stone.”
 “For these I am not weeping,
 But for sorrows of mine own.

“I want a golden dagger.”
 “A golden dagger! Why?”
 “To cut this juicy pear in two.
 Of thirst I almost die.”
 We gave the golden dagger;
 She did not use it well.
 Ah, no, it was not pears you cut,
 My lady Isabel.

MARSHAL PRIM

AS he came from the Cortes,
Men whispered to Prim:

“Be wary, be wary,
For life and for limb.”

Then answered the General:

“Come blessing, come bane,
I live or I die
In the service of Spain.”

In the *Calle del Turco*,
Where the starlight was dim,
Nine cowardly bullets
Gave greeting to Prim.
The best of the Spaniards
Lay smitten and slain,
And the new king he died for
Came weeping to Spain.

QUEEN MERCEDES

“WHITHER away, young King Alfonso?
(Oh, for pity!) Whither away?”

“I go seeking my queen Mercedes,
For I have not seen her since yesterday.”

“But we have seen your queen Mercedes,
Seen the queen, though her eyes were hid,
While four dukes all gently bore her
Through the streets of sad Madrid.

“ Oh, how her face was calm as heaven!
Oh, how her hands were ivory white!
Oh, how she wore the satin slippers
That you kissed on the bridal night

“ Dark are the lamps of the lonely palace.
Black are the suits the nobles don.
In letters of gold on the wall 'tis written:
Her Majesty is dead and gone.”

He fainted to hear us, young Alfonso,
Drooped like an eagle with broken wing.
But the cannon thundered: “ Valor, valor!”
And the people shouted: “ Long live the king!”

WE'RE CHOSEN FOR ALFONSITO

Conscript Song

WE'RE chosen for Alfonsito;
We serve the Little King.
We care not one mosquito
For what the years may bring.

How steel and powder please us,
We'll tell you bye and bye.
Give us a good death, Jesus,
If we go forth to die.

ON A MORNING OF ST. JOHN

ON a morning of St. John
Fell a sailor into the sea.
“What wilt thou give me, sailor, sailor,
If I rescue thee?”

“I will give thee all my ships,
All my silver, every gem,
All my gold,—yea, wife and daughters,
I will give thee them.”

“What care I for masted ships,
What care I for gold or gem?
Keep thy wife and keep thy daughters;
What care I for them?”

“On the morning of St. John
Thou art drowning in the sea.
Promise me thy soul at dying,
And I'll rescue thee.”

“I commend the sea to God,
And my body to the sea,
And my soul, sweet Mother Mary,
I commit to thee.”

THE PASSING OF THE WAFER

“**W**HERE are you going, dear Jesus,
So gallant and so gay?”

“I am going to a dying man
To wash his sins away.
And if I find him sorry
For the evil he has done,
Though his sins be more than the sands of the sea,
I’ll pardon every one.”

“Where are you going, dear Jesus,
So gallant and so gay?”

“I’m coming back from a dying man
Whose sins are washed away.
Because I found him sorry
For the evil he had done,
Though his sins were more than the sands of the sea,
I’ve pardoned every one.”





RETURN TO the circulation desk of any
University of California Library
or to the
NORTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
Bldg. 400, Richmond Field Station
University of California
Richmond, CA 94804-4698

ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS

- 2-month loans may be renewed by calling (510) 642-6753
 - 1-year loans may be recharged by bringing books to NRLF
 - Renewals and recharges may be made 4 days prior to due date.
-

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

DEC 3 1995

AUG 02 2000

125



225933

Bates

YC148278

